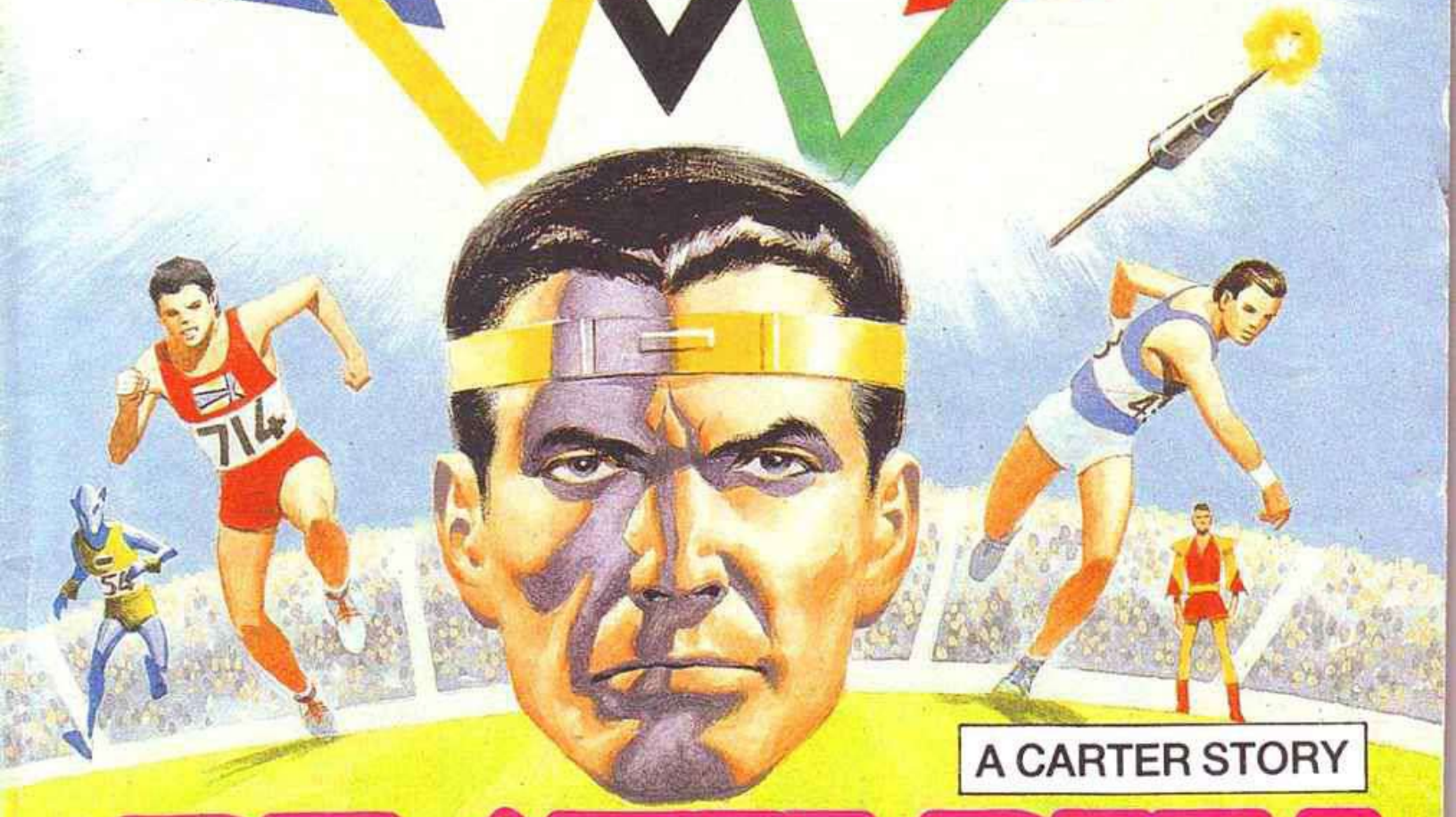
STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 243

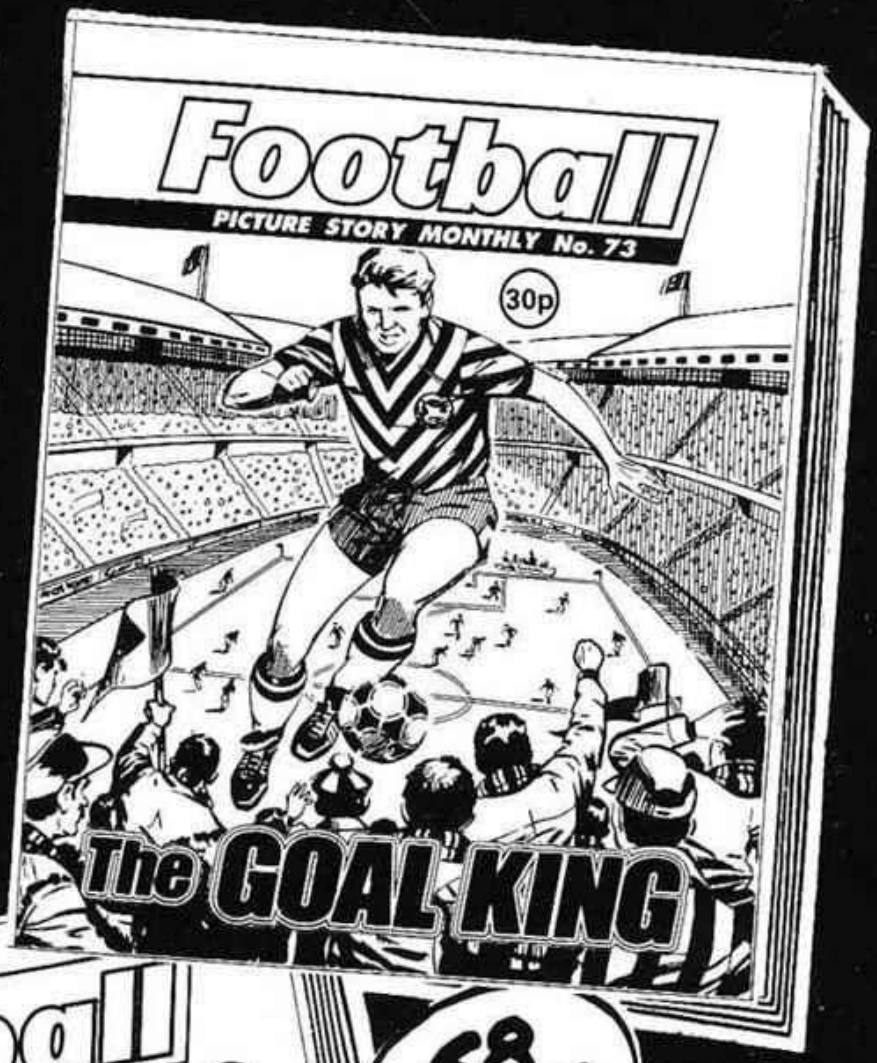
30p

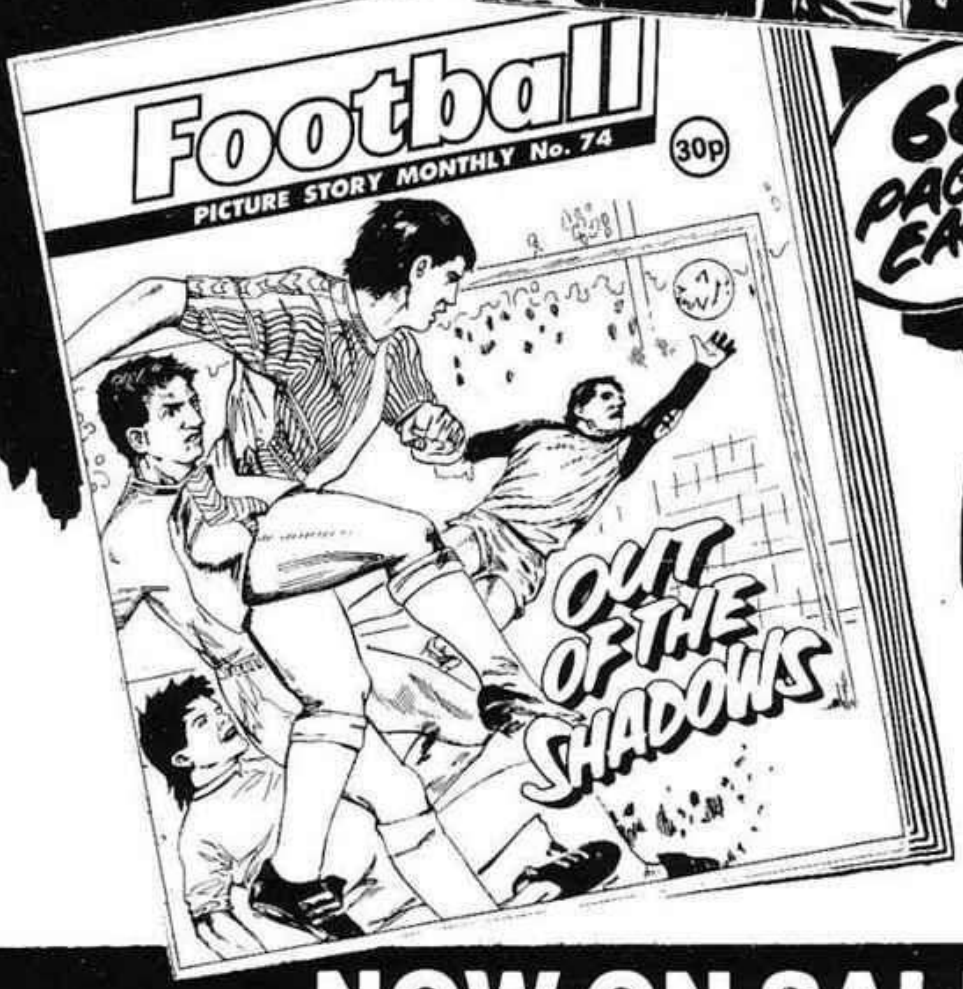


A CARTER STORY

DEATH RUN

IF YOU'RE A FOOTBALL FAN, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THESE!



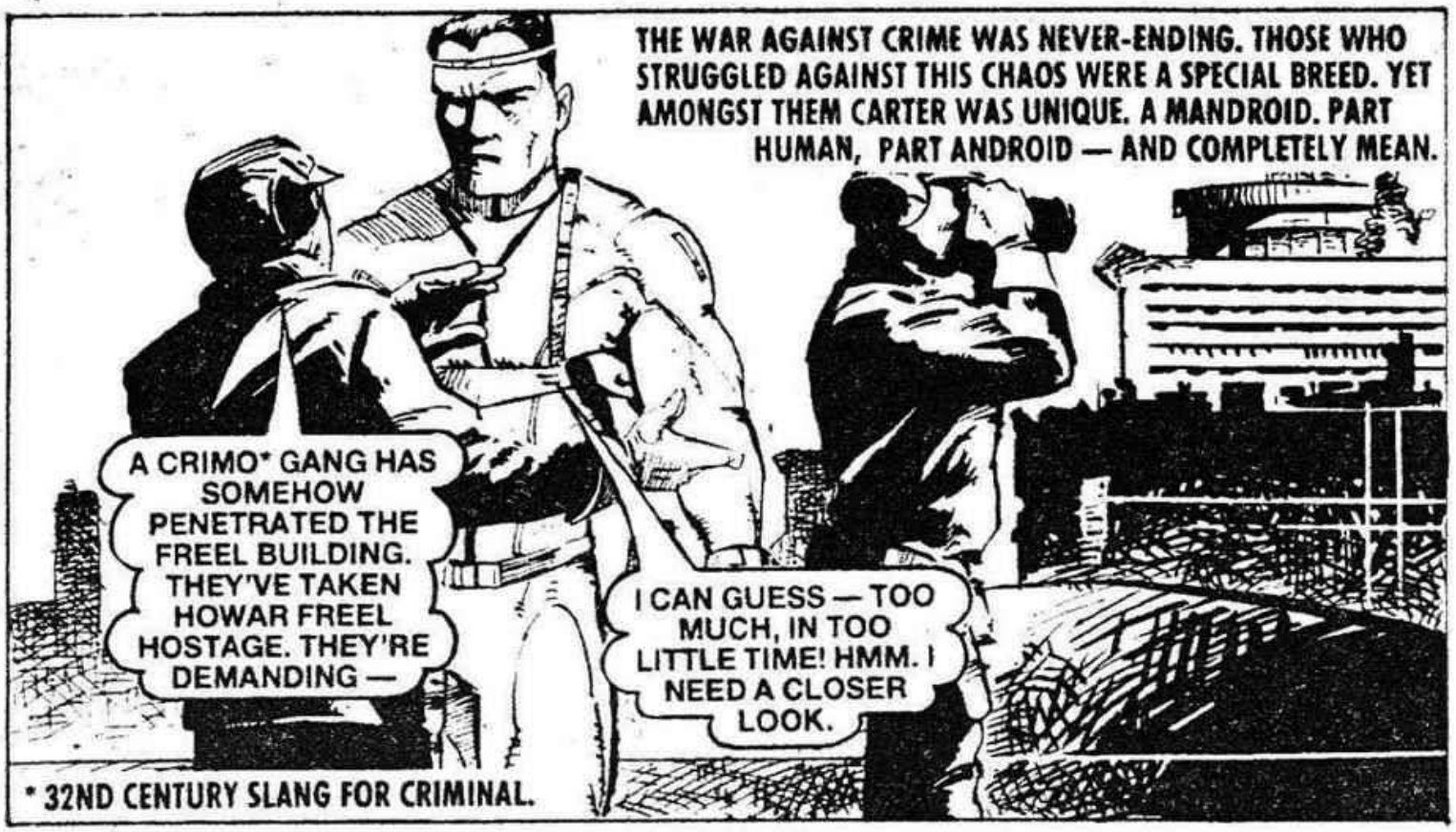


68 PAGES EACH

FOOTBALL LIBRARIES Nos. 73-74

NOW ON SALE 30p

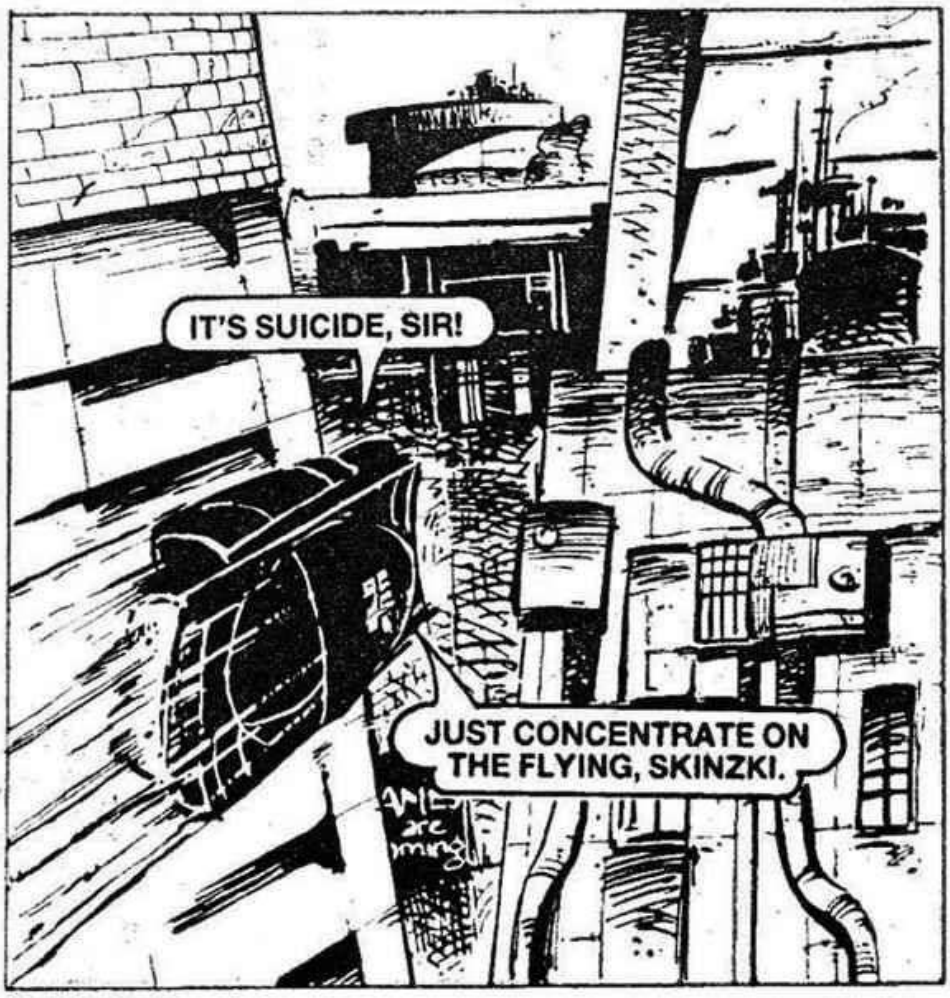
DEATH-RUN
THE GAMES ARE COMING
THE GAMES HIT THE CITY NEXT MONTH. A GREAT HONOUR THE POLITICIANS SAY, BUT IN MY BOOK IT'LL JUST BRING A LOAD OF EXTRA TROUBLE! AND TROUBLE IS WHAT WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF ALREADY!
BY THE 32ND CENTURY MANKIND HAD COLONISED THE OUTER REACHES OF THE GALAXY. YET HUMAN GREED AND HATRED REMAINED. IT HAD TO BE DEALT WITH BY PEOPLE LIKE CARTER, A SENIOR LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER — A LEO — IN THE GALACTIC DIVISION OF THE FEDERAL POLICE FORCE. CARTER WAS UNHAPPY AT BEING STUCK IN NUEVA DUNDEE — OLYMPIC CITY.
PROCEED MAXIMUM SPEED TO SECTOR 27 ALPHA. SIEGE IN PROGRESS!

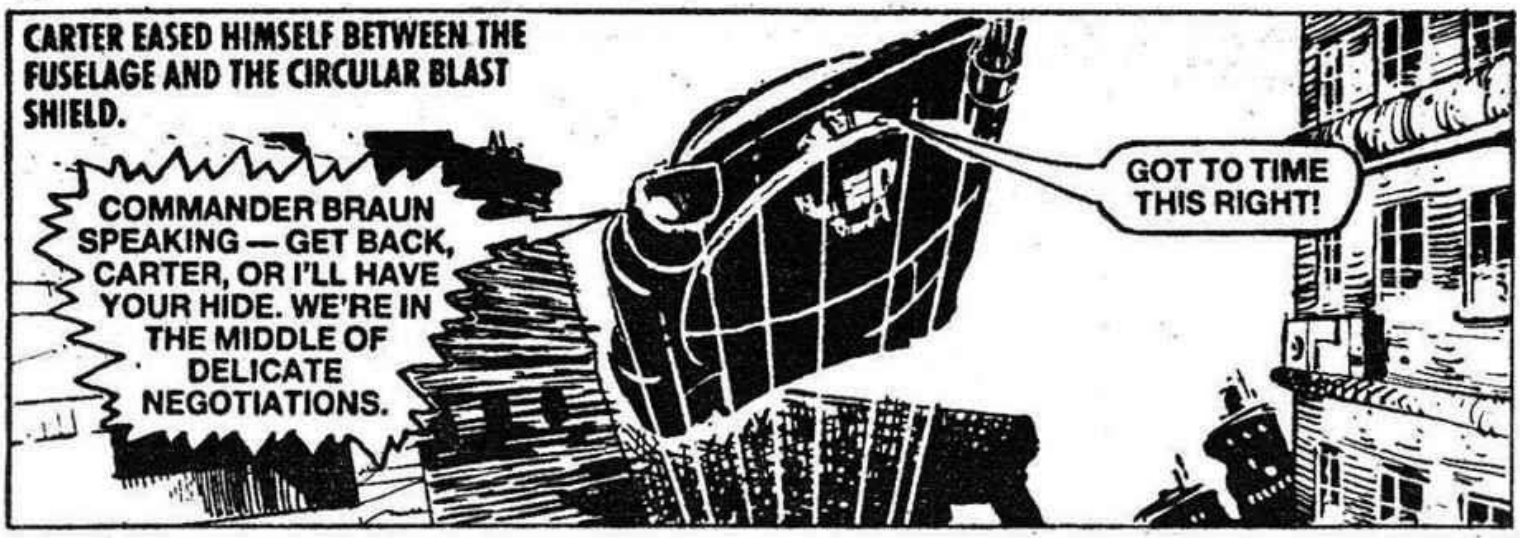

THE WAR AGAINST CRIME WAS NEVER-ENDING. THOSE WHO STRUGGLED AGAINST THIS CHAOS WERE A SPECIAL BREED. YET AMONGST THEM CARTER WAS UNIQUE. A MANDROID. PART HUMAN, PART ANDROID — AND COMPLETELY MEAN.
A CRIMO* GANG HAS SOMEHOW PENETRATED THE FREEL BUILDING. THEY'VE TAKEN HOWAR FREEL HOSTAGE. THEY'RE DEMANDING —
I CAN GUESS — TOO MUCH, IN TOO LITTLE TIME! HMM. I NEED A CLOSER LOOK.
* 32ND CENTURY SLANG FOR CRIMINAL.

THE GANG HAD CHOSEN THEIR TARGET WELL. THE FREEL BUILDING WAS A FORTRESS.
THE PENTHOUSE ROOF IS IMPREGNABLE, SIR.
SO?
KEEP AWAY, PIGS! YOU'VE BEEN WARNED!

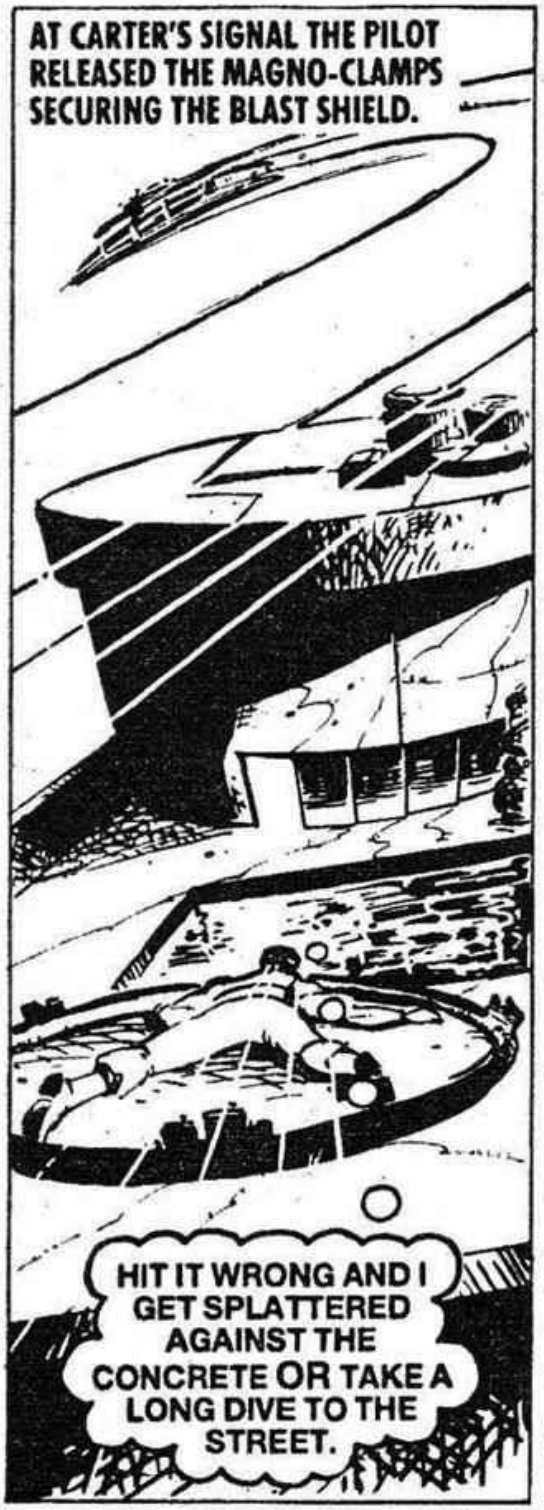
THE CRIMOS WERE WELL-PREPARED FOR ANY AIRBORNE ACTION.
STORMING THE BUILDING BY CONVENTIONAL MEANS IS OUT OF THE QUESTION, BUT I'M NOT CONVENTIONAL!
SIR, WE HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO LEAVE THE AREA IMMEDIATELY.

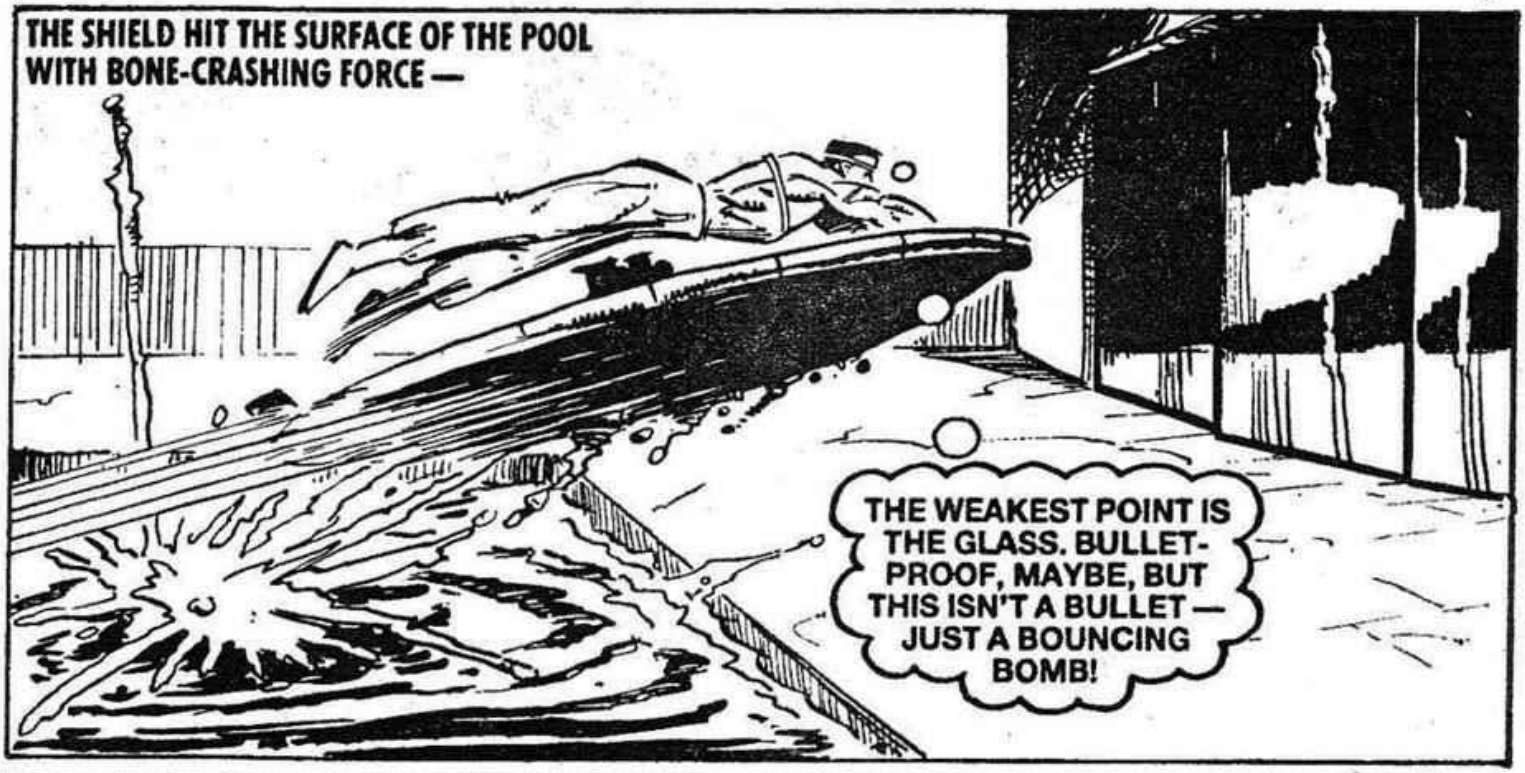
BUT CARTER HAD OTHER IDEAS—
WE'RE GOING BACK!
SKINZKI
NO WE'RE NOT! I'M WRAPPING UP THIS SIEGE RIGHT NOW.
CARTER EXPLAINED HIS PLAN TO THE STARTLED PILOT.


IT'S SUICIDE, SIR!
JUST CONCENTRATE ON THE FLYING, SKINZKI.


CARTER EASED HIMSELF BETWEEN THE FUSELAGE AND THE CIRCULAR BLAST SHIELD.
COMMANDER BRAUN SPEAKING — GET BACK, CARTER, OR I'LL HAVE YOUR HIDE. WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF DELICATE NEGOTIATIONS.
GOT TO TIME THIS RIGHT!

THE FLIER HURTLED AT MAXIMUM VELOCITY TOWARDS THE PENTHOUSE.
WHAT THE — ? GET INSIDE. THEY'RE TRYING SOMETHING!
THE APPROACH ANGLE AND SPEED ARE CRUCIAL. THEY SAY YOU'RE THE BEST FLIER PILOT ON THE FORCE, SKINZKI. NOW'S THE TIME TO PROVE IT.


AT CARTER'S SIGNAL THE PILOT RELEASED THE MAGNO-CLAMPS SECURING THE BLAST SHIELD.
HIT IT WRONG AND I GET SPLATTERED AGAINST THE CONCRETE OR TAKE A LONG DIVE TO THE STREET.

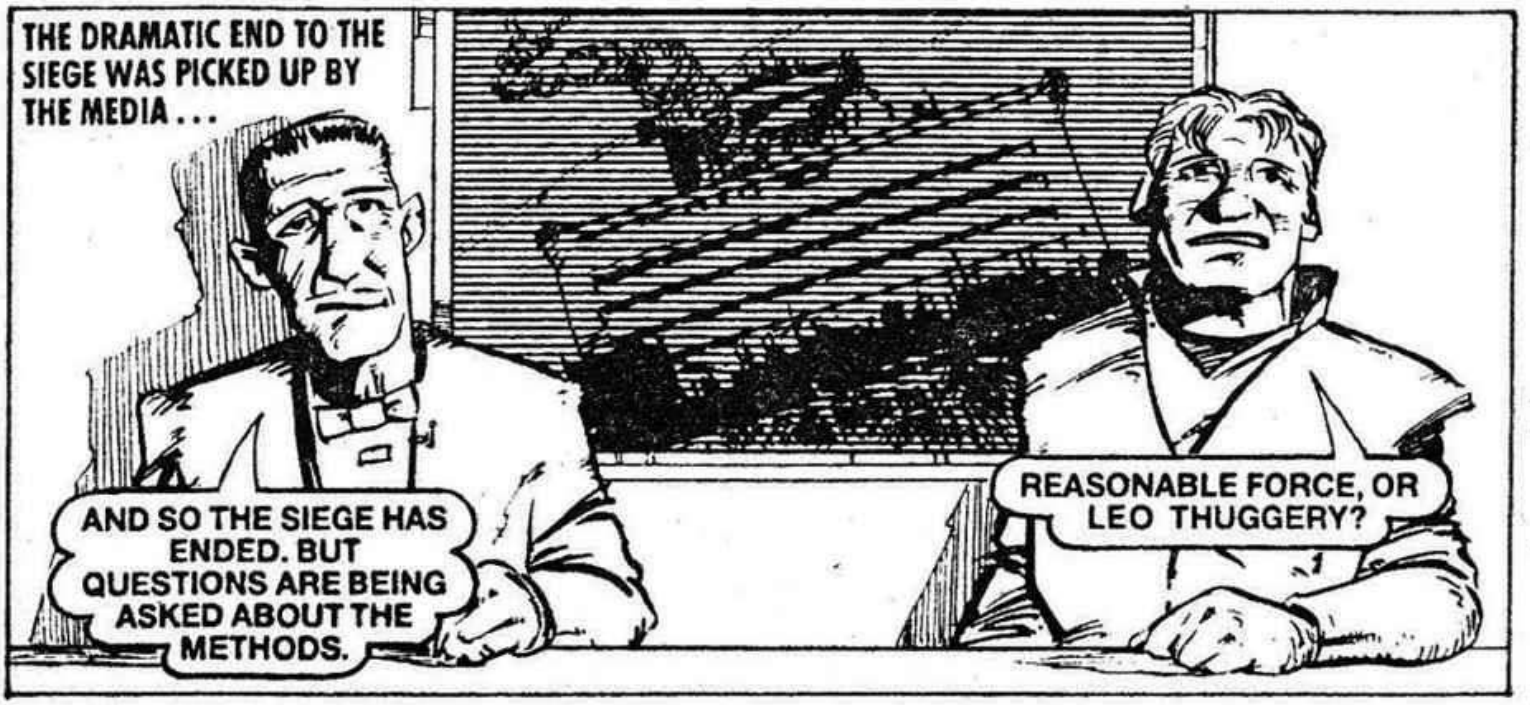

THE SHIELD HIT THE SURFACE OF THE POOL WITH BONE-CRASHING FORCE —
THE WEAKEST POINT IS THE GLASS. BULLET-PROOF, MAYBE, BUT THIS ISN'T A BULLET — JUST A BOUNCING BOMB!

GET HIM! GET THE LEO PIG!
OH, MY . . . NOOOO . . .

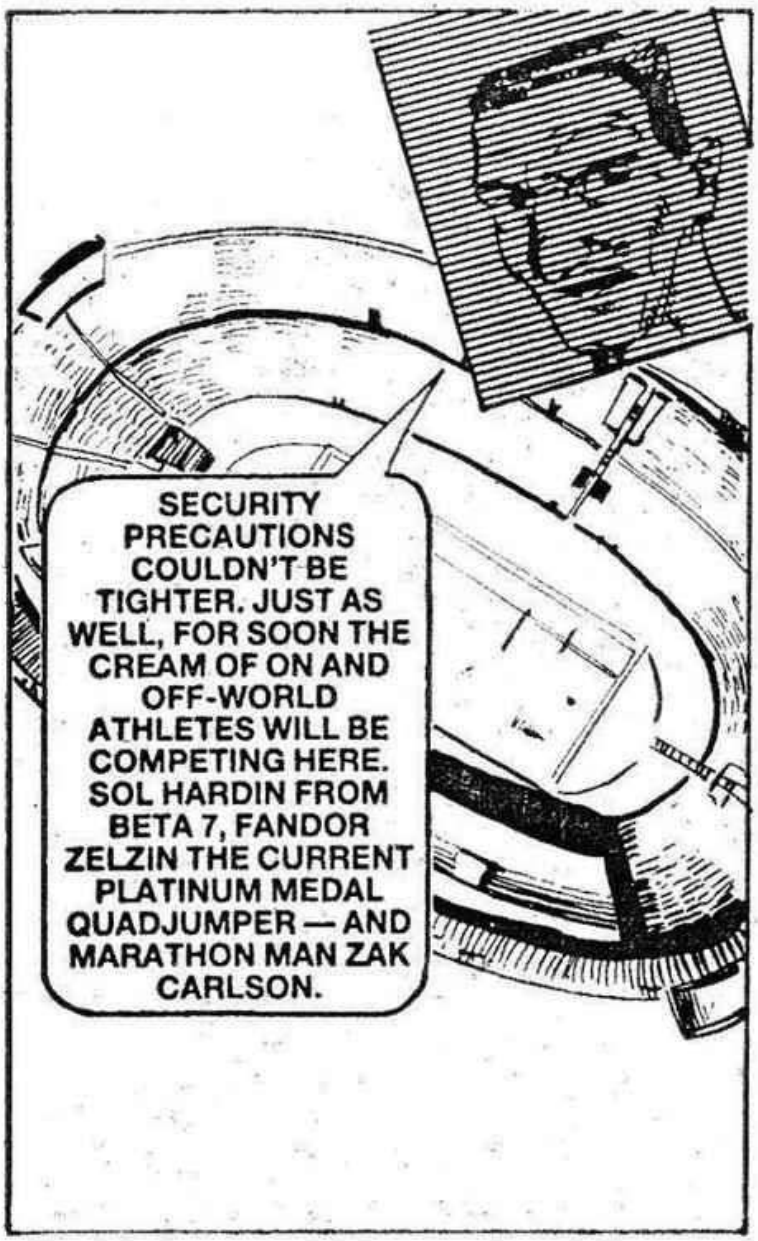
BUT THE MICRO-CIRCUITS IN CARTER'S BRAIN GAVE HIM HYPER-FAST REACTIONS — HE HAD THE EDGE ON HIS ADVERSARIES.
THE GAME'S OVER, PUNKS!

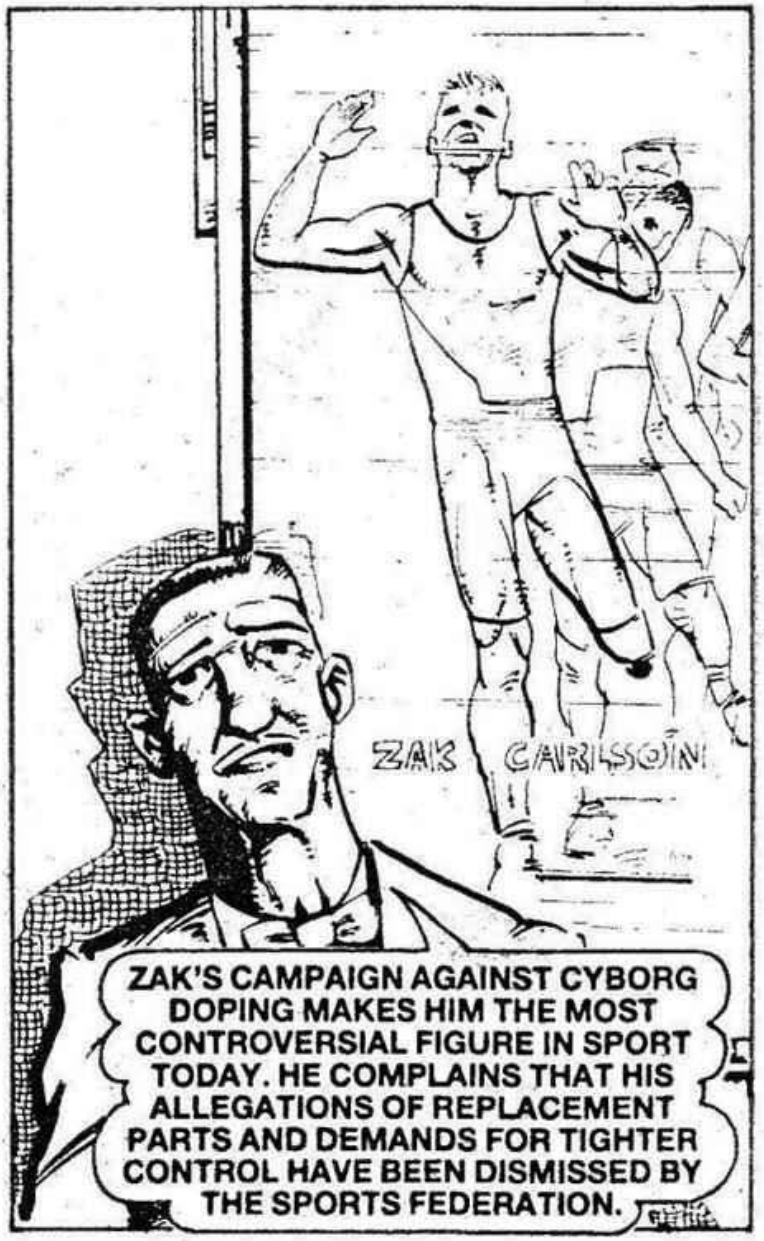
CARTER SHIELDED FREEL—
AT LEAST MY BODY ARMOUR WORKS!

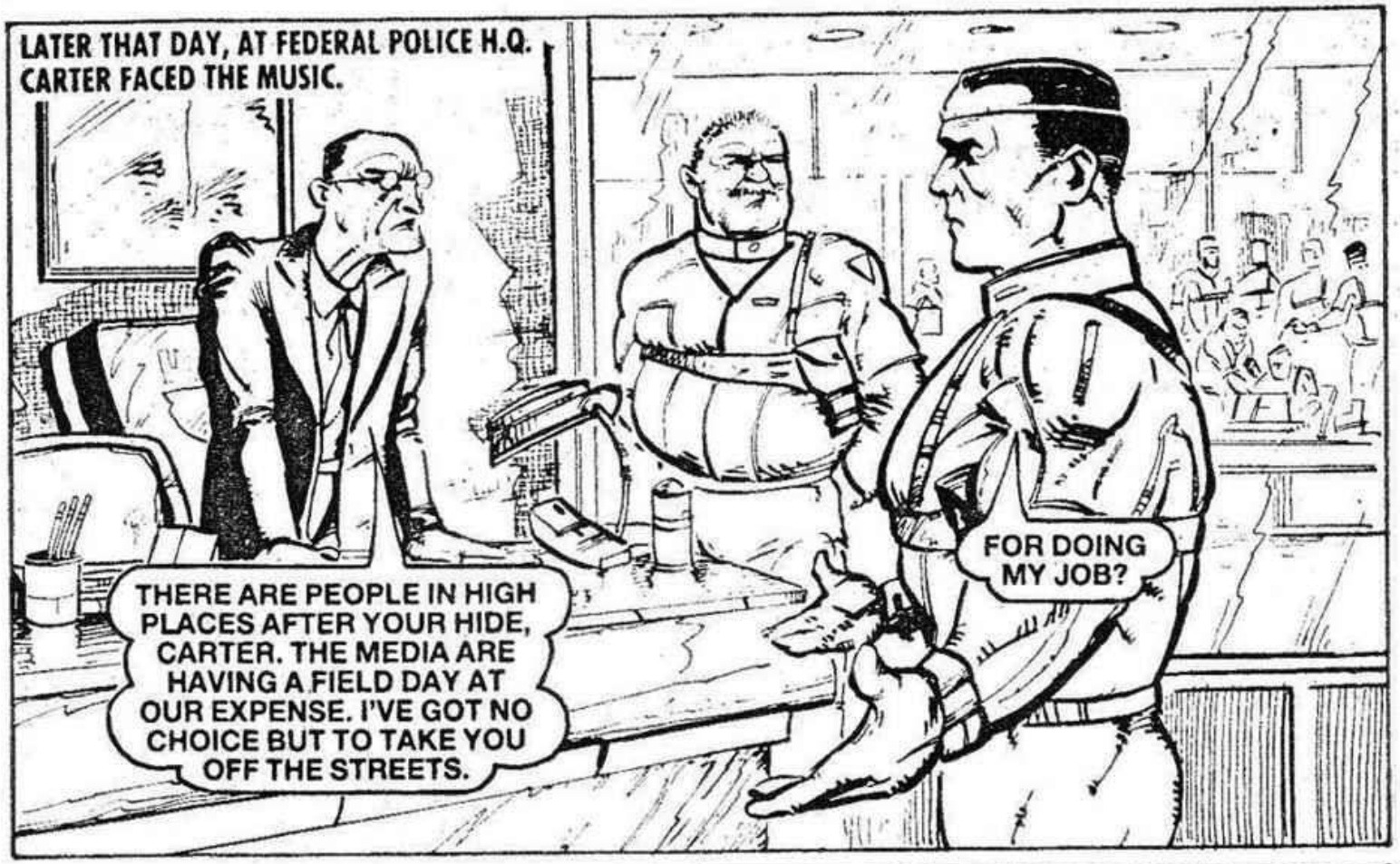
LATER—
YOU DISOBEYED MY ORDERS. YOU PUT THE ENTIRE OPERATION AT RISK, AND MR FREEL'S LIFE IN DANGER.
I GOT THE JOB DONE, BRAUN, AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS.

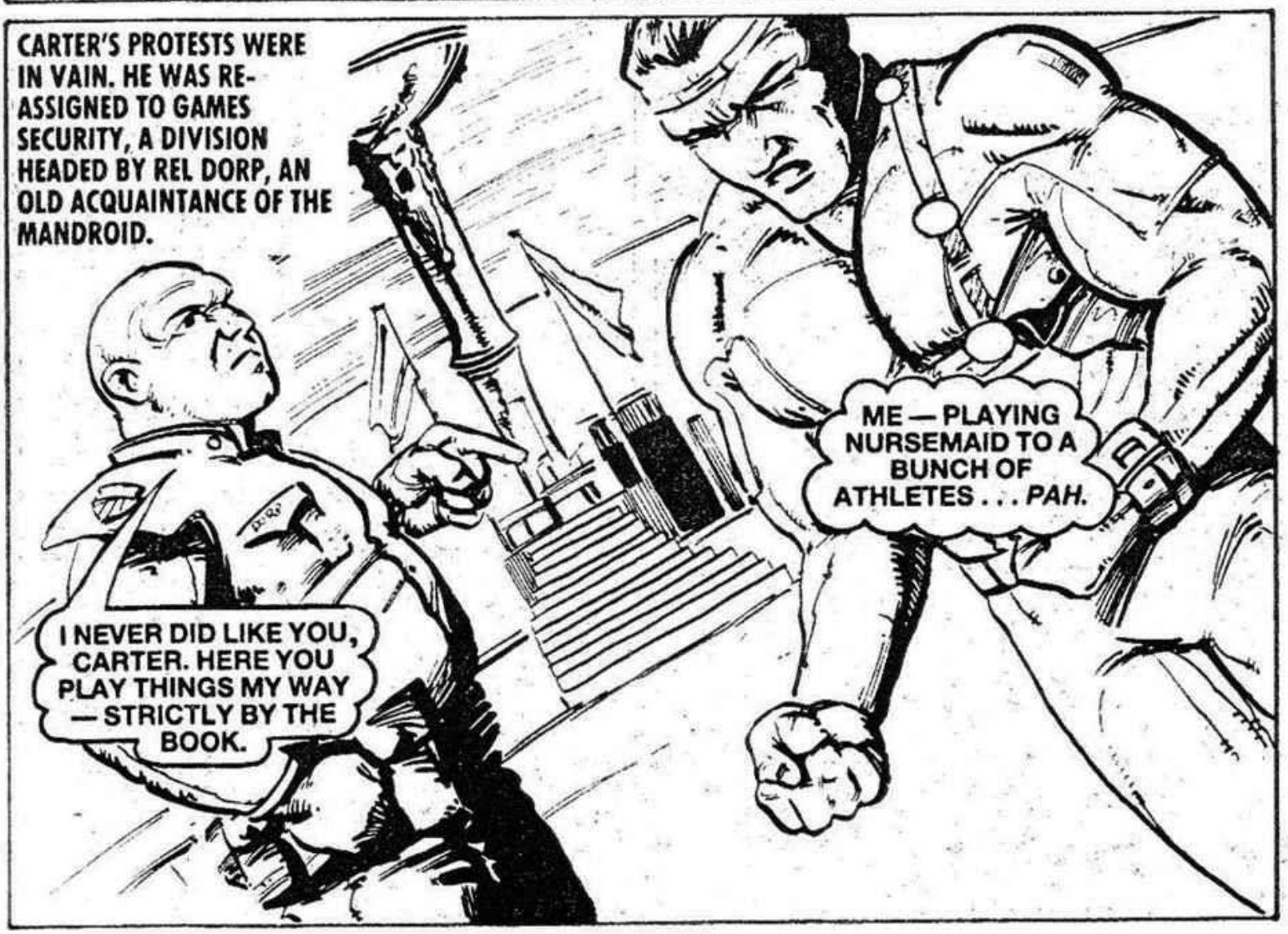

THE DRAMATIC END TO THE SIEGE WAS PICKED UP BY THE MEDIA . . .
AND SO THE SIEGE HAS ENDED. BUT QUESTIONS ARE BEING ASKED ABOUT THE METHODS.
REASONABLE FORCE, OR LEO THUGGERY?

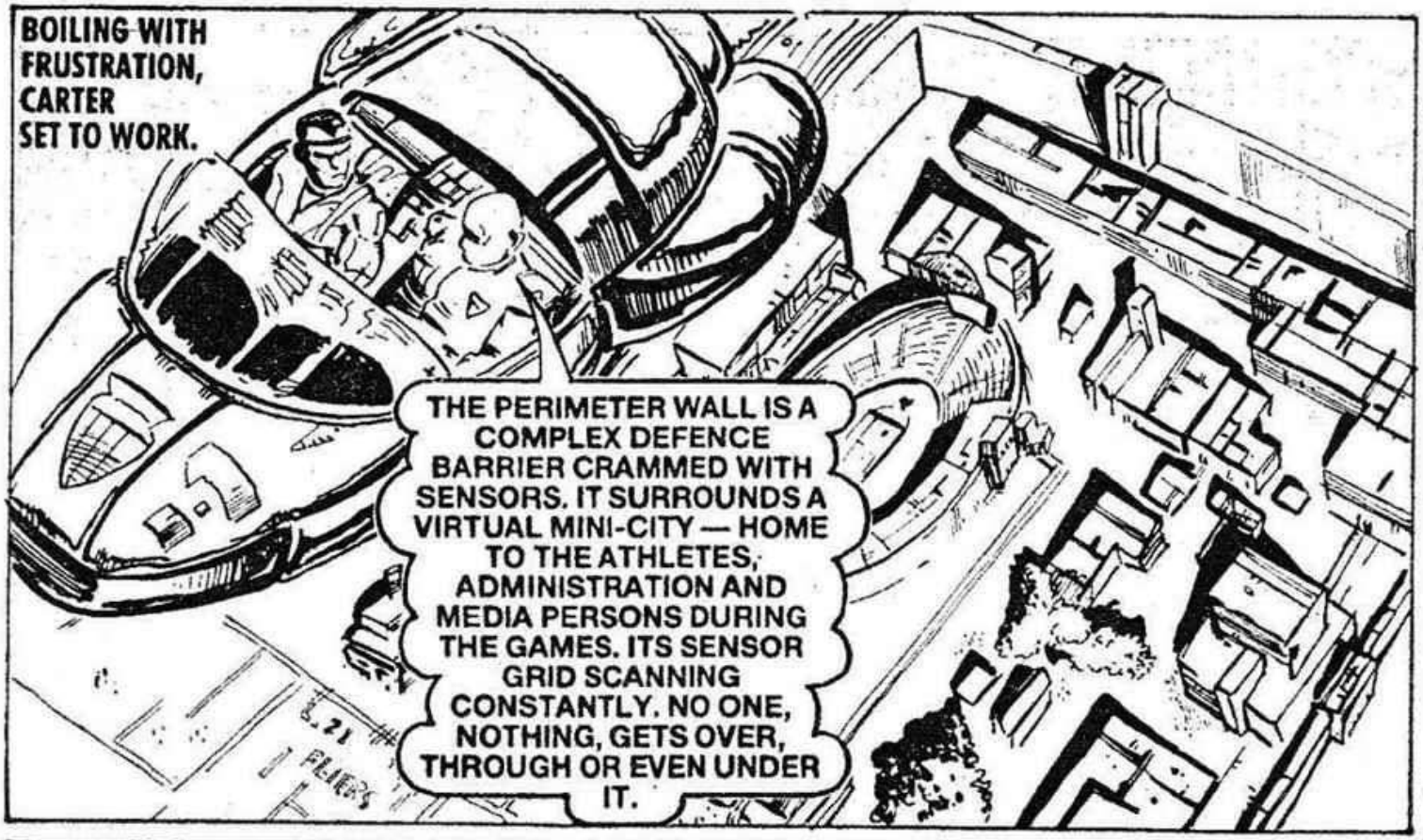
BACK TO THE MAIN NEWS STORY — PREPARATIONS FOR THE GAMES ARE WELL ADVANCED. THE SPLENDID ARENA IS VIRTUALLY COMPLETE, A CREDIT TO OUR FINE CITY. HOWEVER, THE THREAT OF TERRORIST ACTION CASTS A SHADOW OVER THE EVENT.


SECURITY PRECAUTIONS COULDN'T BE TIGHTER. JUST AS WELL, FOR SOON THE CREAM OF ON AND OFF-WORLD ATHLETES WILL BE COMPETING HERE. SOL HARDIN FROM BETA 7, FANDOR ZELZIN THE CURRENT PLATINUM MEDAL QUADJUMPER — AND MARATHON MAN ZAK CARLSON.


ZAK CARLSSON
ZAK'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST CYBORG DOPING MAKES HIM THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FIGURE IN SPORT TODAY. HE COMPLAINS THAT HIS ALLEGATIONS OF REPLACEMENT PARTS AND DEMANDS FOR TIGHTER CONTROL HAVE BEEN DISMISSED BY THE SPORTS FEDERATION.

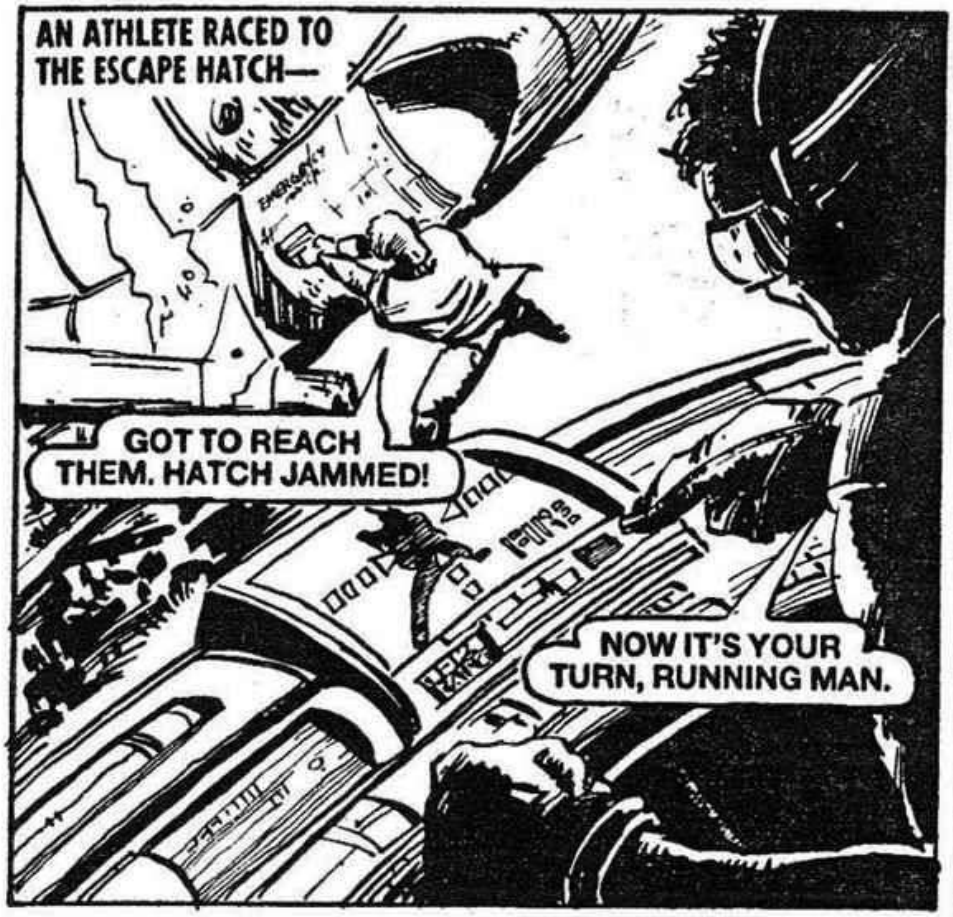

LATER THAT DAY, AT FEDERAL POLICE H.Q. CARTER FACED THE MUSIC.
THERE ARE PEOPLE IN HIGH PLACES AFTER YOUR HIDE, CARTER. THE MEDIA ARE HAVING A FIELD DAY AT OUR EXPENSE. I'VE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO TAKE YOU OFF THE STREETS.
FOR DOING MY JOB?


CARTER'S PROTESTS WERE IN VAIN. HE WAS RE-ASSIGNED TO GAMES SECURITY, A DIVISION HEADED BY REL DORP, AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF THE MANDROID.
I NEVER DID LIKE YOU, CARTER. HERE YOU PLAY THINGS MY WAY — STRICTLY BY THE BOOK.
ME — PLAYING NURSEMAID TO A BUNCH OF ATHLETES . . . *PAH.*

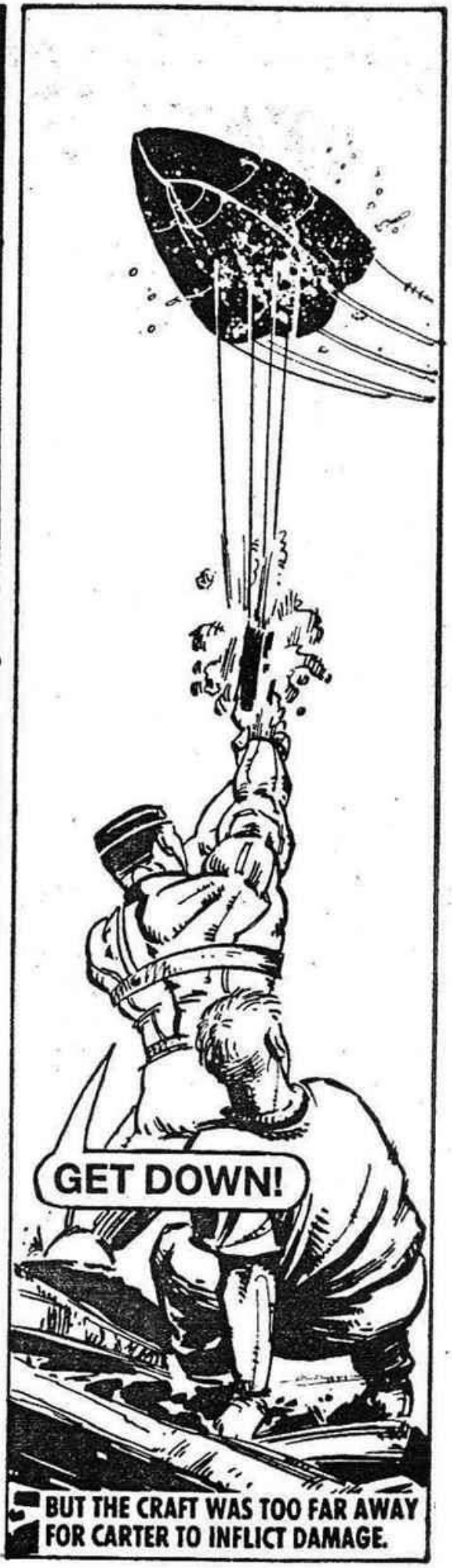

BOILING WITH FRUSTRATION, CARTER SET TO WORK.
THE PERIMETER WALL IS A COMPLEX DEFENCE BARRIER CRAMMED WITH SENSORS. IT SURROUNDS A VIRTUAL MINI-CITY — HOME TO THE ATHLETES, ADMINISTRATION AND MEDIA PERSONS DURING THE GAMES. ITS SENSOR GRID SCANNING CONSTANTLY. NO ONE, NOTHING, GETS OVER, THROUGH OR EVEN UNDER IT.

DORP SHOWED HIM EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY.
THE STADIUM AND VILLAGE ARE SAFE. OUR JOB IS TO KEEP THEM THAT WAY. THAT MEANS PAINSTAKING SECURITY WORK — ROUTINE CHECKS — THEN MORE CHECKS.
I CAN HARDLY CONTAIN MY EXCITEMENT.
ZIP IT, AND DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.

CARTER DID WHAT HE WAS TOLD, AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER —
WHILE I'M HERE BEING A NURSEMAID, CRIMOS ARE GETTING AWAY.
BUT SUDDENLY—
MAIN ENTRANCE
WHAT THE . . .?
THE FLIER PILOT FOUGHT TO KEEP HIS STRICKEN CRAFT UNDER CONTROL — TO NO AVAIL!
CARTER TO CONTROL . . . TERRORIST ATTACK. SECURE THE AREA AND GET A MEDIC TEAM HERE FAST!


AN ATHLETE RACED TO THE ESCAPE HATCH—
GOT TO REACH THEM. HATCH JAMMED!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, RUNNING MAN.

EVEN AS THE TERRORIST OPRESSED THE FIRING BUTTON, CARTER LEAPT INTO ACTION —
MOVE IT, BUDDY!


GET DOWN!
BUT THE CRAFT WAS TOO FAR AWAY FOR CARTER TO INFLICT DAMAGE.

WHEN THE FLIER WAS GONE, CARTER WRENCHED THE HATCH FREE.
EMERGENCY HATCH
GET THEM OUT!
IT'S NO USE! THEY'RE ALL BEYOND HELP. WE'VE GOT TO GET CLEAR. IT'S GOING TO BLOW!

MOMENTS LATER, THE FLIER EXPLODED—
BRIAN DONNELL WAS A GREAT 10,000 METRES RUNNER. HE WAS MY FRIEND . . .
YEAH . . . THESE THINGS HAPPEN!

IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY, CARTER? NOT EVEN SORRY . . . YOU LOUSY HALF-BREED ANDROID!
WELL, WELL, WELL!

HE WAS LEANER NOW. BUT AS CARTER TOOK HIS FIRST PROPER LOOK AT THE ATHLETE, HE KNEW HIM. A CRIMO HE BUSTED FOR ROBBERY NINE YEARS PREVIOUSLY. A MAN NOW KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS ZAK CARLSON.
YOU PUT ME AWAY FOR NINE YEARS WITHOUT A HINT OF SYMPATHY . . . BUT AT LEAST YOU GAVE ME THE DETERMINATION TO SUCCEED.
FIRE

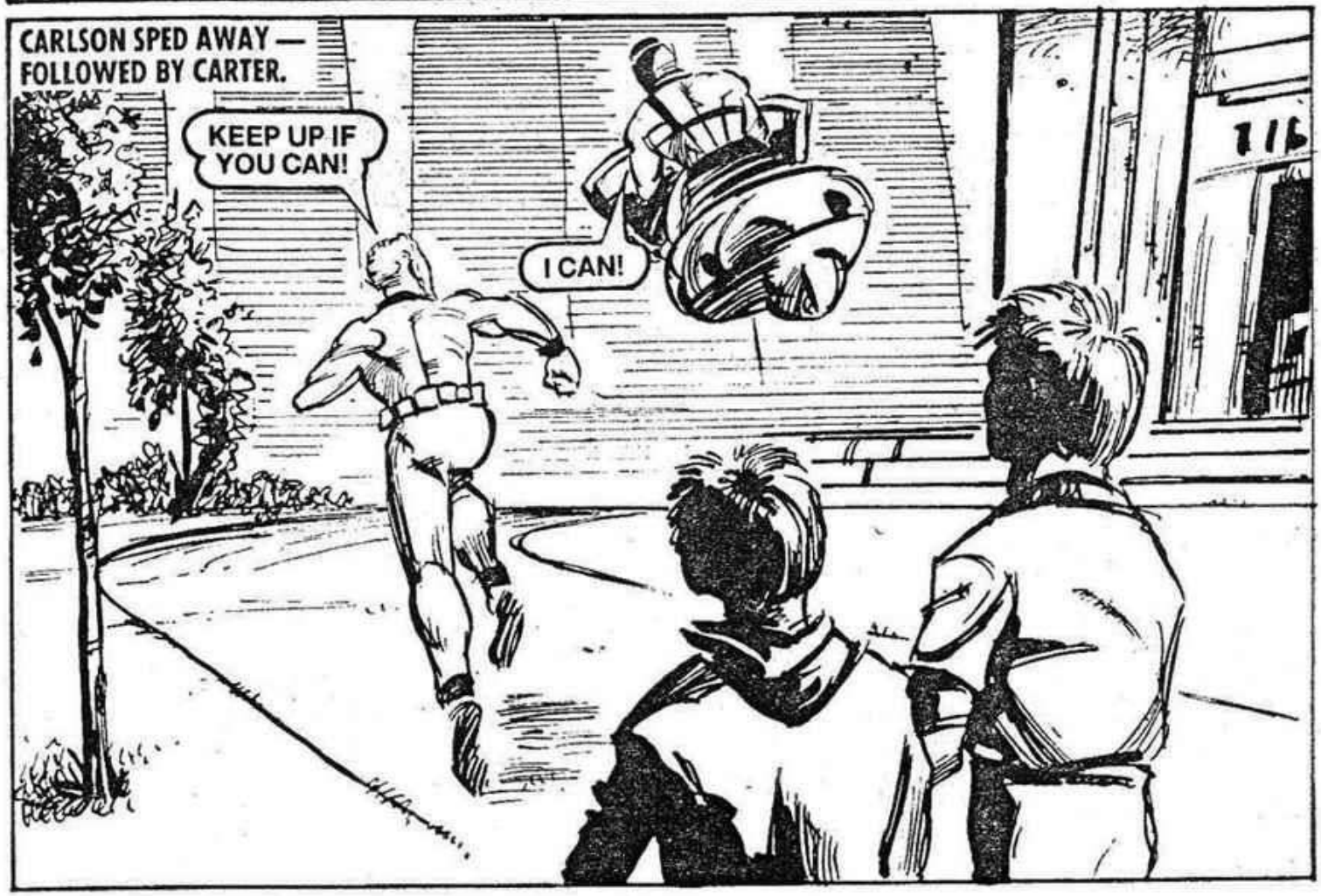
PRISON WAS TOUGH — I RAN FIRST JUST TO KEEP FIT . . . THEN FOUND I WAS GOOD AT IT. I TRAINED MORE AND MORE INTENSELY UNTIL I WAS BETTER THAN GOOD . . .
THAT'S THE SIXTH CIRCUIT OF THE COMPOUND. IN THIS HEAT TOO. RECKON HE'S GONE INSANE!

I FINALLY REJOINED SOCIETY AND MY NEW LIFE BEGAN! I'D SPENT NINE YEARS HATING A MANDROID HALF-BREED— AND WHAT DID I COMPETE AGAINST — CYBORGS! CYBORG DOPING WE CALL IT. HUMANS REPLACE PARTS WITH CYBORG BITS WHICH ARE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO DETECT, AND WIN.

ENTRANCE
CYBORG IMPLANTS TO BOOST PERFORMANCE ARE A GREATER THREAT TO SPORT THAN THE DRUGS MISUSE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. SEEMS I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM DROIDS.

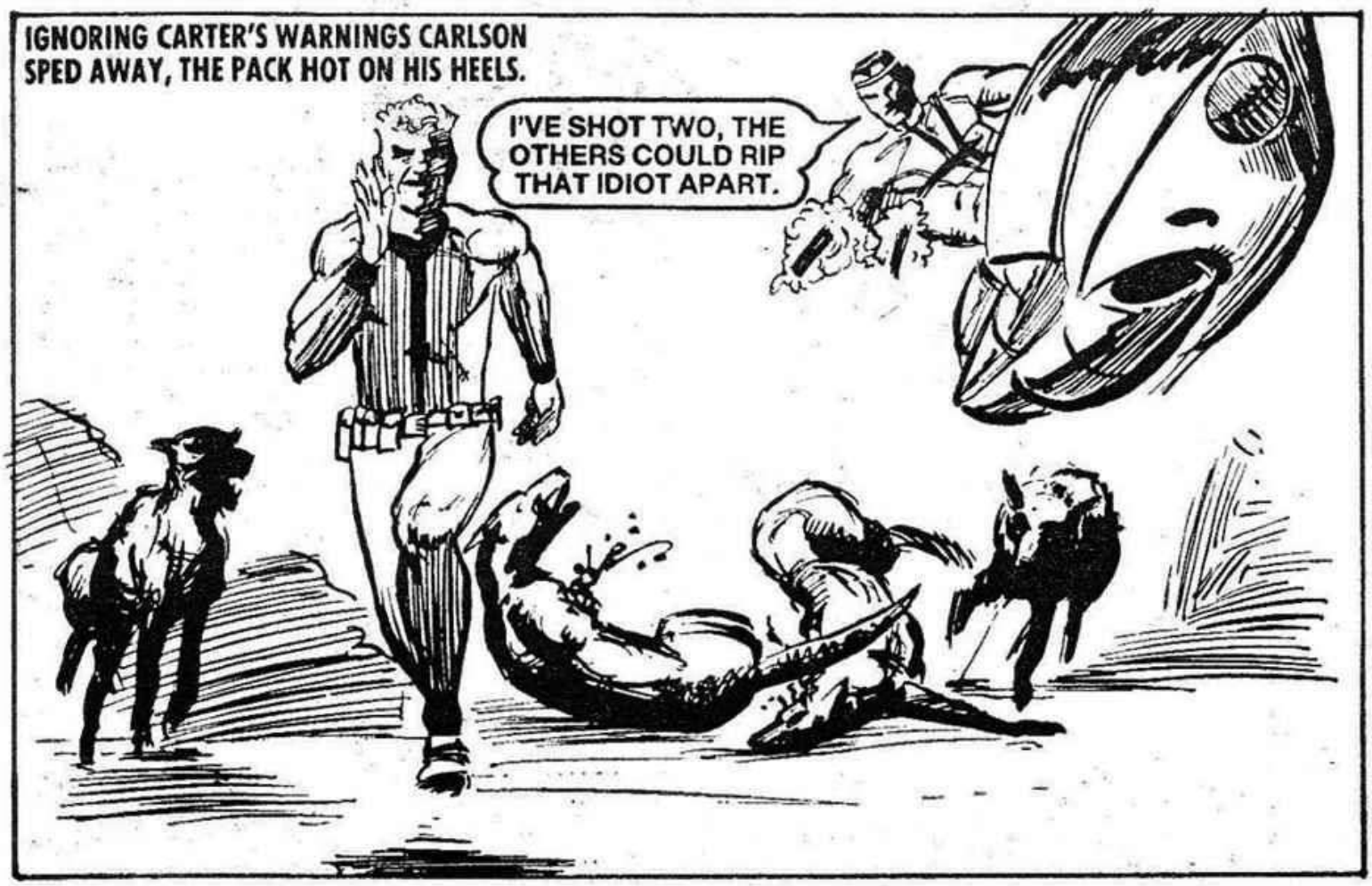
WE GO ON FULL SECURITY ALERT, CARTER. GIVE CARLSON YOUR PERSONAL ATTENTION.
ENTRANCE
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY.

CARTER KEPT A CLOSE EYE ON CARLSON.
GET LOST CYBO-CREEP. I'VE GOT A TRAINING SESSION AND I DON'T WANT DISTURBED.
I WON'T DISTURB YOU!

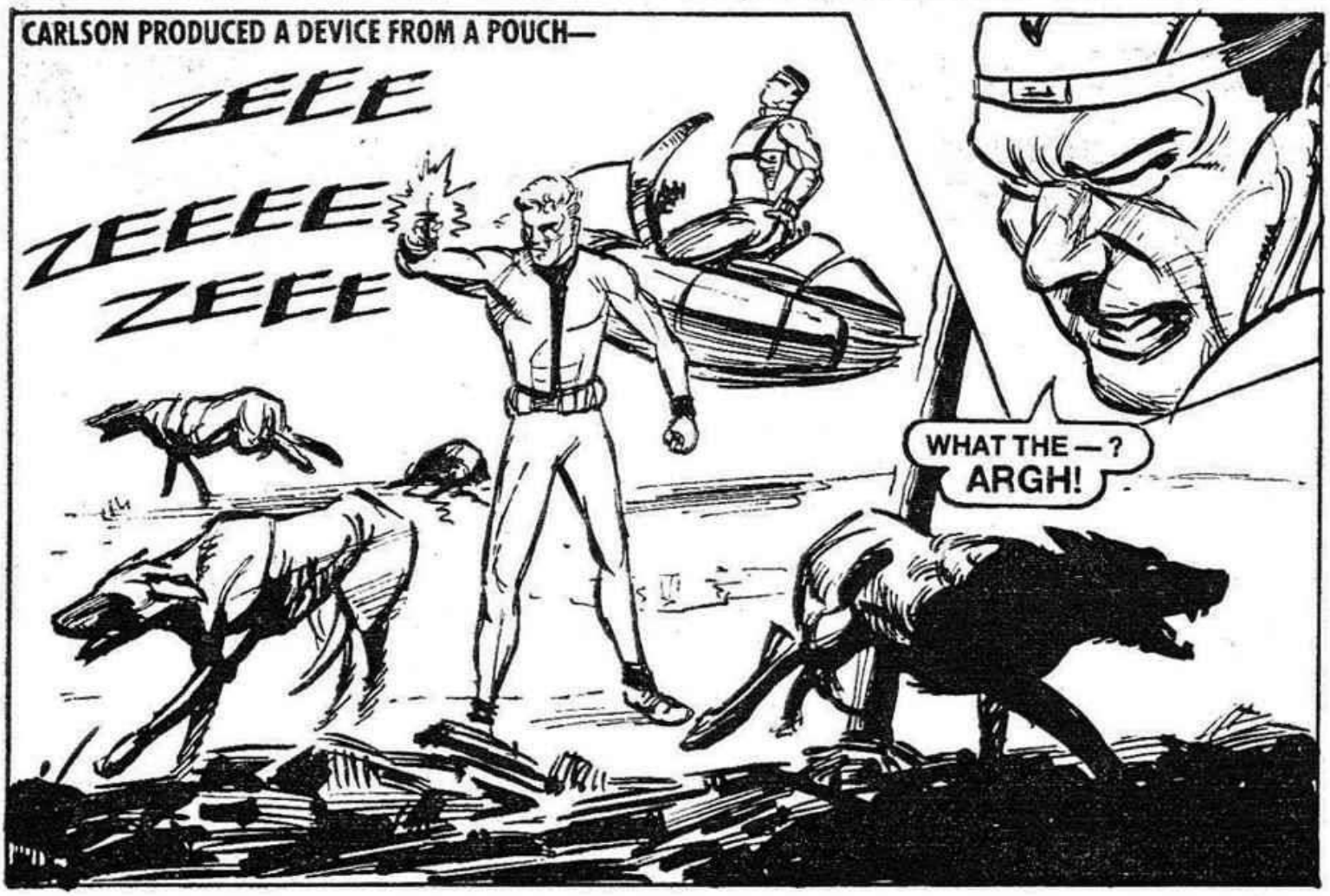

CARLSON SPED AWAY — FOLLOWED BY CARTER.
KEEP UP IF YOU CAN!
I CAN!

SOME TIME LATER—
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, CARLSON. YOU'RE ENTERING A HIGH RISK AREA. THEY AREN'T CALLED 'THE BADLANDS' FOR NOTHING.
SAVE IT, CIRCUIT BRAIN. I'LL HEAD HOME WHEN I'M READY.
BY THE STARS! I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING ON THE INFRA RED BODY HEAT SCANNER.
MOMENTS LATER THE HEAT SOURCES COME INTO VIEW—
SCAVENGER HOUNDS— JUMP ABOARD, CARLSON.

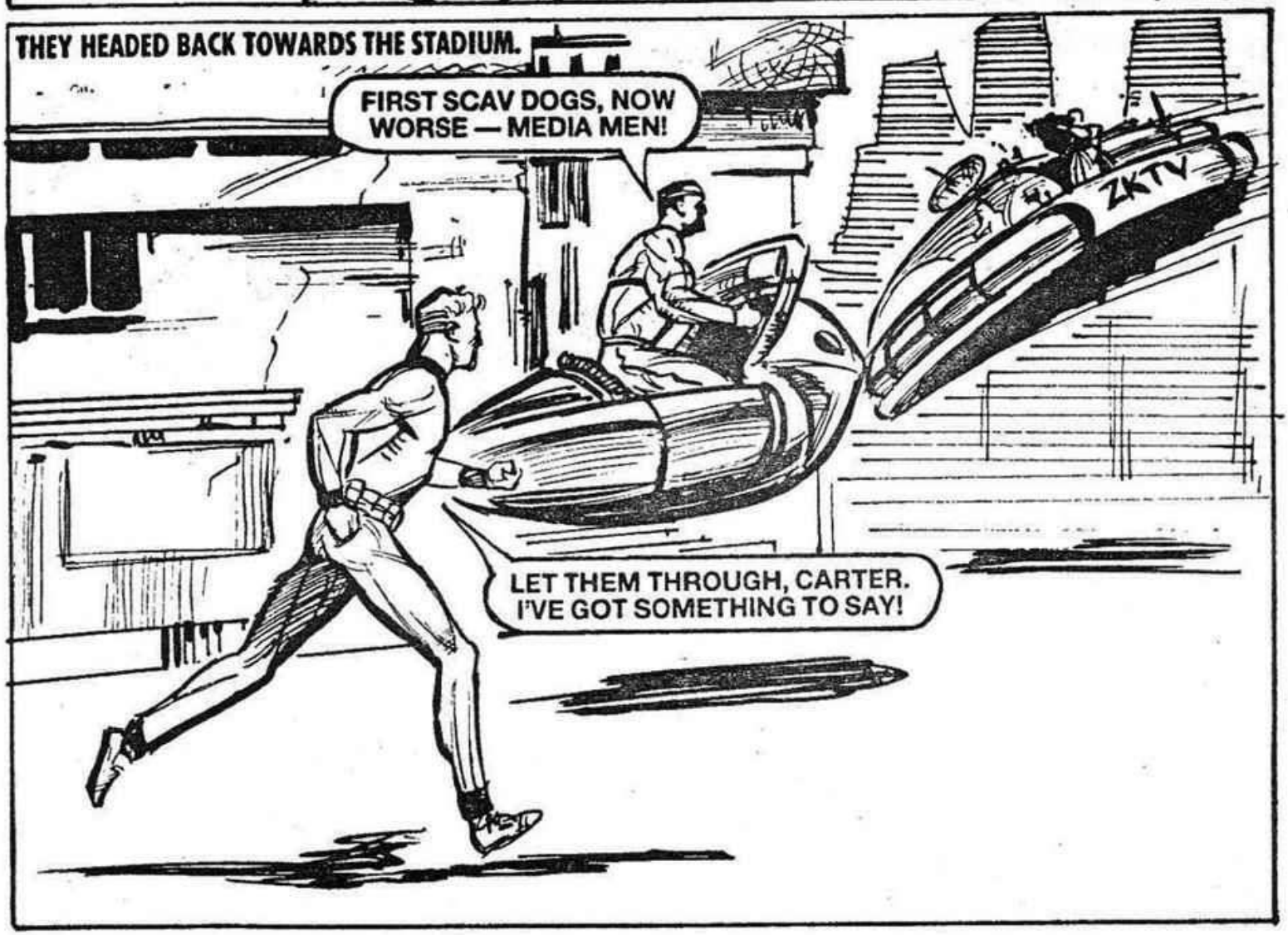
BUT CARLSON HAD OTHER IDEAS.
GET ABOARD, YOU IDIOT.
I WASN'T PLANNING ANY SPEEDWORK TODAY — BUT WHY MISS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY?


IGNORING CARTER'S WARNINGS CARLSON SPED AWAY, THE PACK HOT ON HIS HEELS.
I'VE SHOT TWO, THE OTHERS COULD RIP THAT IDIOT APART.

BUT, MOMENTS LATER—
THE GAME'S OVER, CARLSON.


CARLSON PRODUCED A DEVICE FROM A POUCH—
ZEEE
ZEEEE
ZEEE
WHAT THE—?
ARGH!

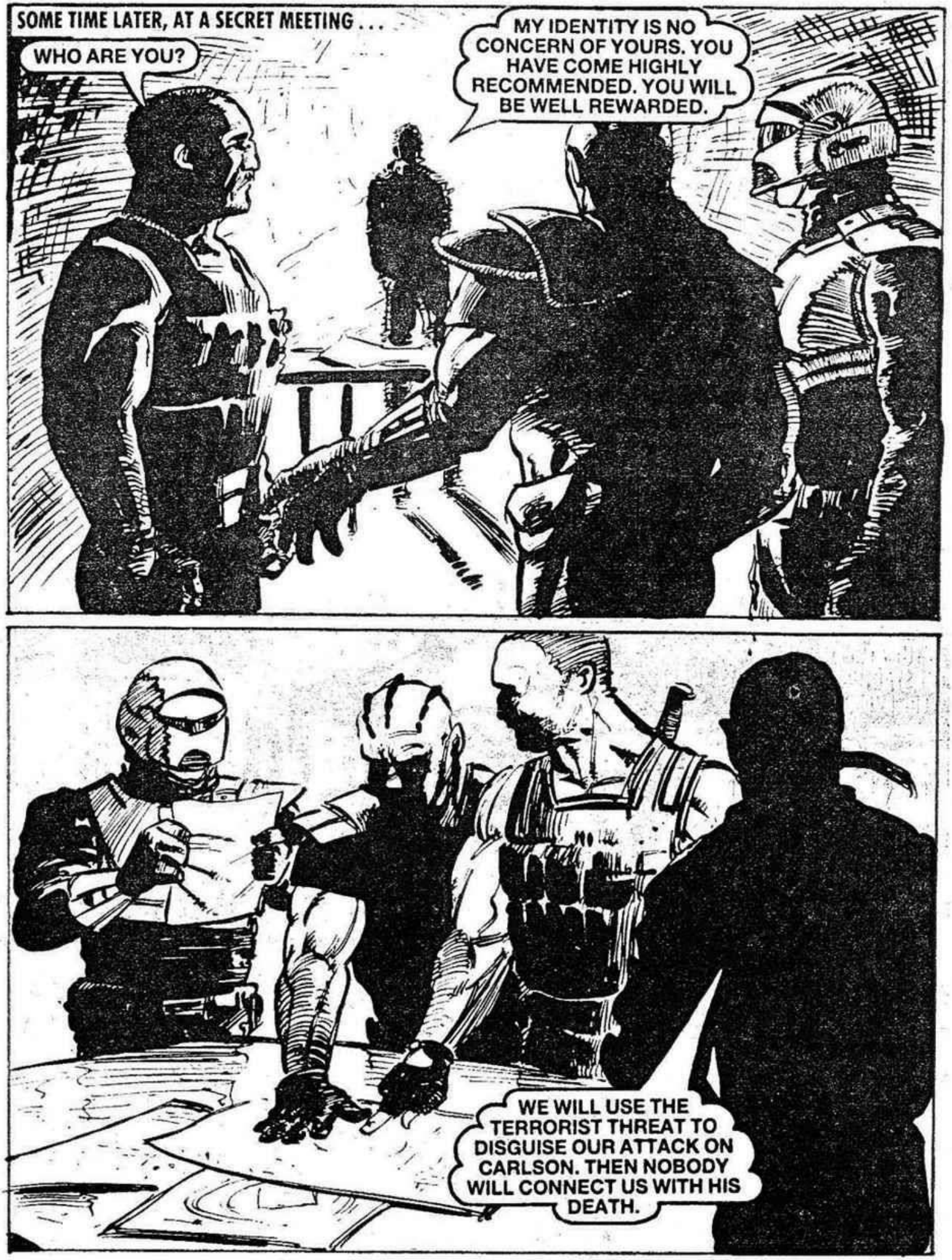
SECONDS LATER THE PACK HAD VANISHED.
AN ULTRA-SONIC SOUND GENERATOR.
THE HIGH-FREQUENCY NOISE GIVES CANINES A BAD DOSE OF EARACHE. SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE — AN ESSENTIAL PART OF ANY RUNNER'S KIT. I SEE IT AFFECTS CYBORG EARS TOO — WHAT A PITY . . .


THEY HEADED BACK TOWARDS THE STADIUM.
FIRST SCAV DOGS, NOW WORSE — MEDIA MEN!
ZKTV
LET THEM THROUGH, CARTER. I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!

ZKTV
ZKTV
YOU'RE TIPPED FOR THE MARATHON GOLD, ZAK. HOW DO YOU RATE YOUR CHANCES?
WINNING THE MARATHON WILL BE NO PROBLEM. THE REAL CONTEST WILL START AFTER I GET MY MEDAL . . .
IN THE OFFICES OF AN INDUSTRIAL GIANT, PEOPLE WATCHED.
. . . THEN I WILL PRESENT EVIDENCE THAT PROVES CYBORG PARTS ABUSE IS RIFE IN SPORT. THOSE RESPONSIBLE WILL BE EXPOSED AND TRIED.
IF HE DOES, OUR FUNCTION ENHANCING SPARE PARTS EMPIRE WILL CRUMBLE.

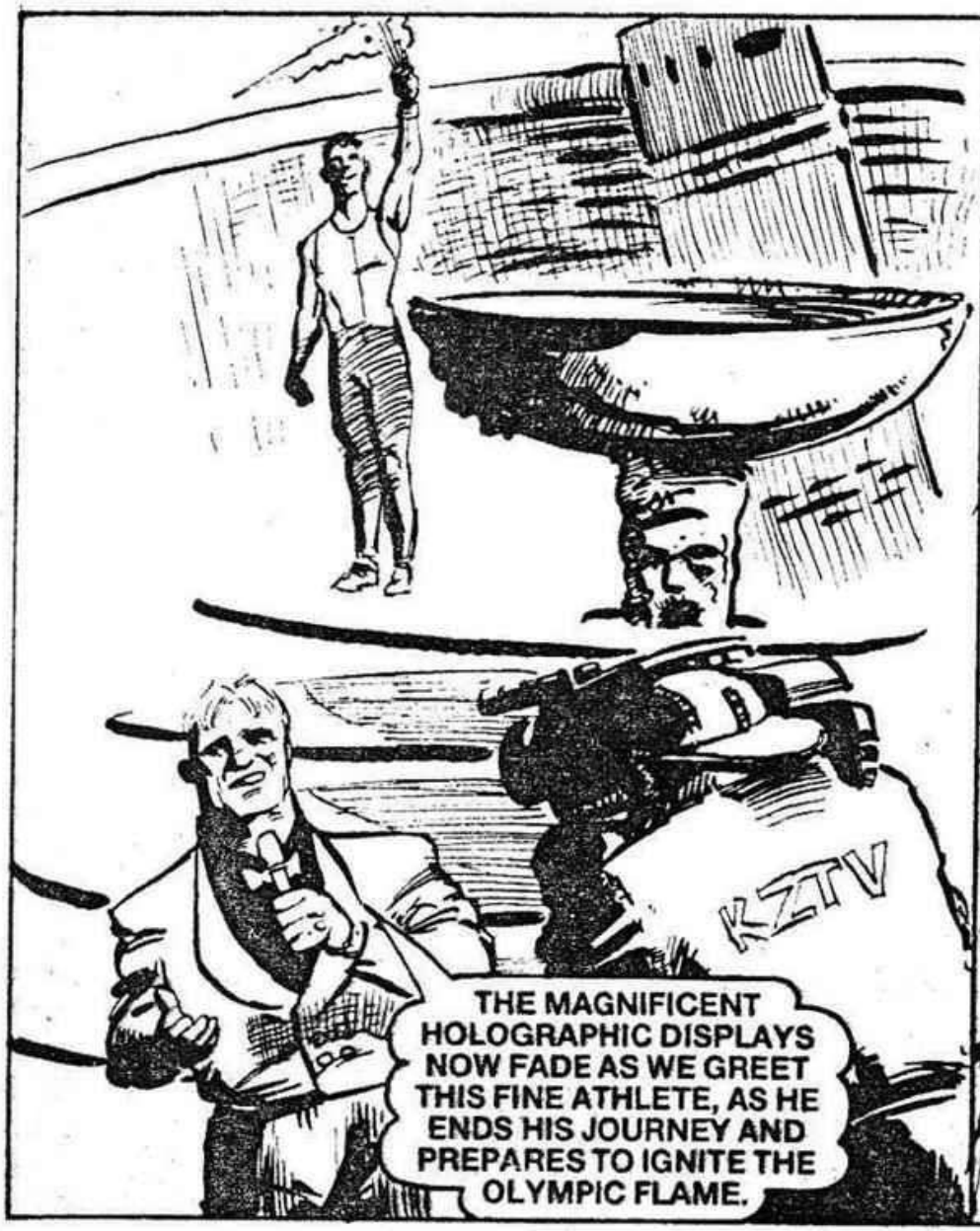
HIS RANTINGS WERE AN EMBARRASSMENT TO BEGIN WITH, BUT NOW THEY CONSTITUTE A THREAT TO OUR ORGANISATION, MULTI-CORPORATION.
EVERYBODY KNOWS WE MANUFACTURE CYBORG PARTS, BUT CAN CARLSON PROVE THAT WE DOCTOR ATHLETES TO WIN. THE PROCESS IS VIRTUALLY UNDETECTABLE!

WE CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE. IF CARLSON'S CAMPAIGN TO EXPOSE CYBORG DOPING SUCCEEDS, WE'RE FINISHED. WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO DESTROY HIM!
HE MUST BE ELIMINATED BEFORE HE WINS THE MEDAL, AND IN A WAY NO ONE WILL CONNECT WITH US. THERE MUST BE NO EVIDENCE . . .
LEAVE IT TO ME, MISTER ROLT.

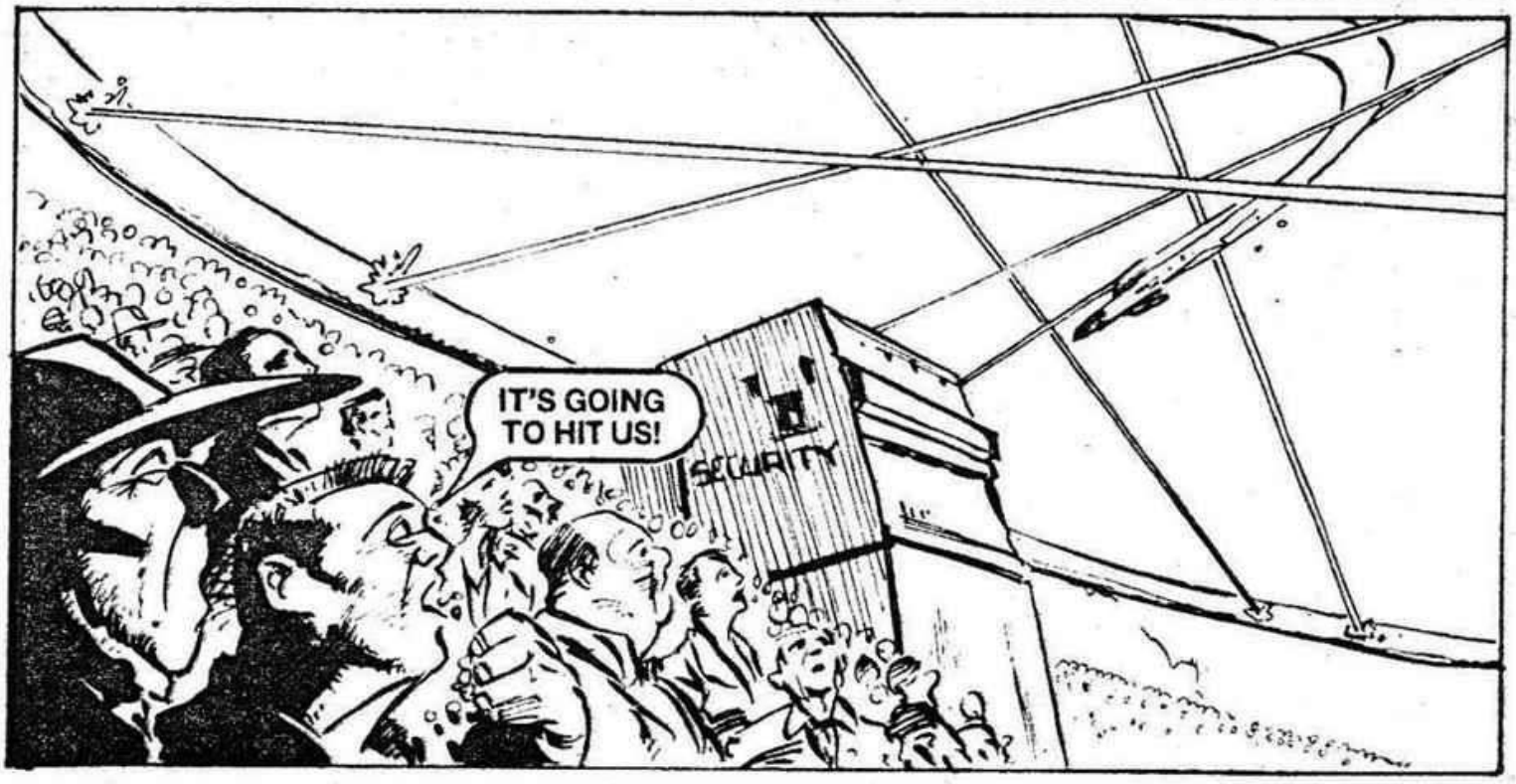

SOME TIME LATER, AT A SECRET MEETING . . .
WHO ARE YOU?
MY IDENTITY IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS. YOU HAVE COME HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED.
WE WILL USE THE TERRORIST THREAT TO DISGUISE OUR ATTACK ON CARLSON. THEN NOBODY WILL CONNECT US WITH HIS DEATH.

TWO DAYS LATER THE GAMES OPENED WITH TIME-HONOURED CEREMONY.
WELCOME TO THE 310TH OLYMPIC GAMES, VIEWERS ACROSS THE GALAXY. WE CONTINUE A SPORTING TRADITION BEGUN EVEN BEFORE MANKIND STARTED TO REACH FOR THE STARS. AND NOW ATHLETES REPRESENTING WORLDS RATHER THAN MERE COUNTRIES ARE ASSEMBLED HERE TO FACE THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE . . .

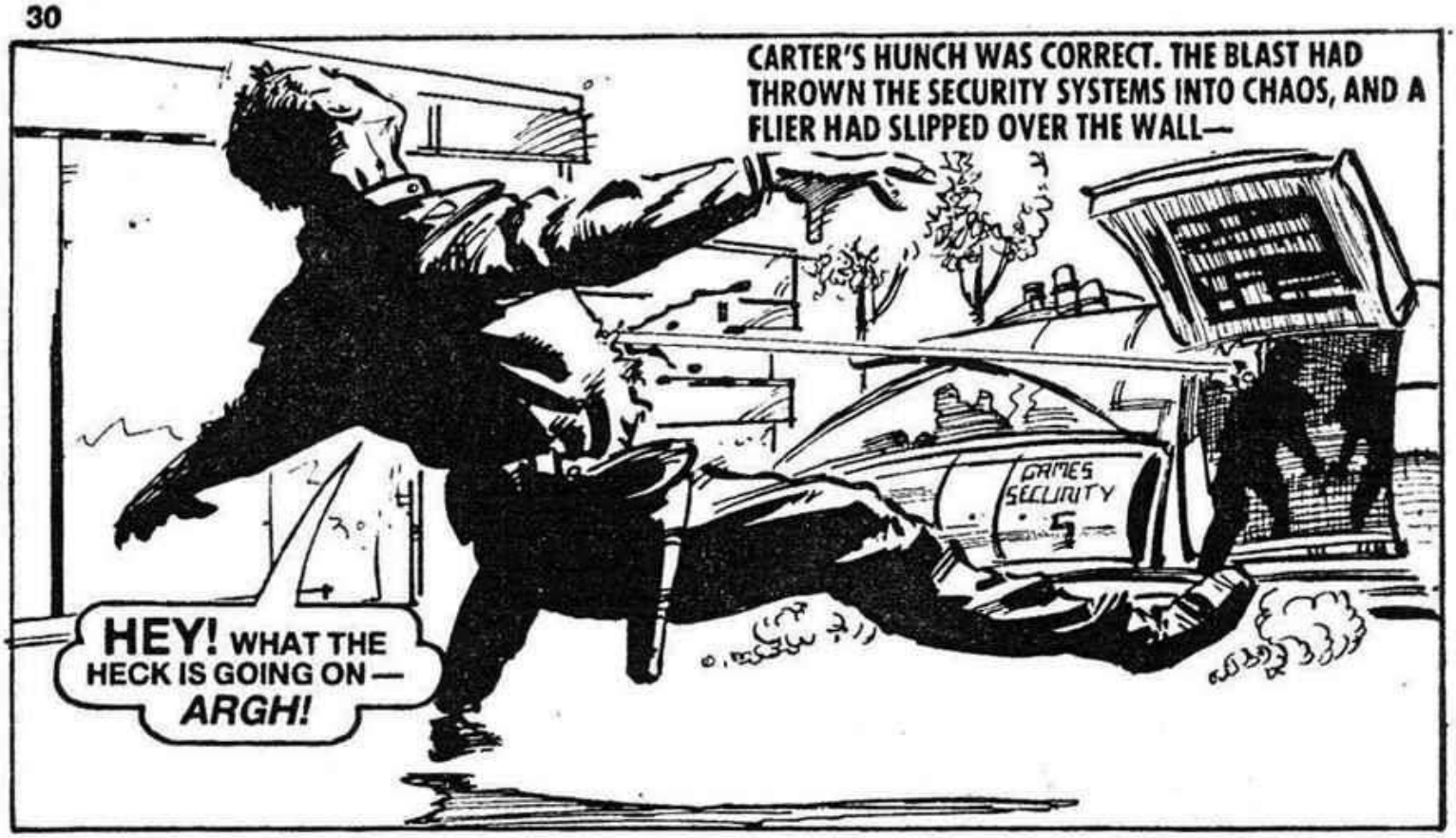
AS THE ATHLETES PARADED AROUND THE STADIUM THE SECURITY FORCES WERE EVER VIGILANT.
ZAK CARLSON
YOUR PAL CARLSON, THE MARATHON MAN. WILL HE WIN?
HE'S NO PAL OF MINE, DORP. I RECKON HE STANDS A GOOD CHANCE IF HE DOESN'T GET WEIGHED DOWN BY THE CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER —
SIR, I'M GETTING SOMETHING HERE . . .

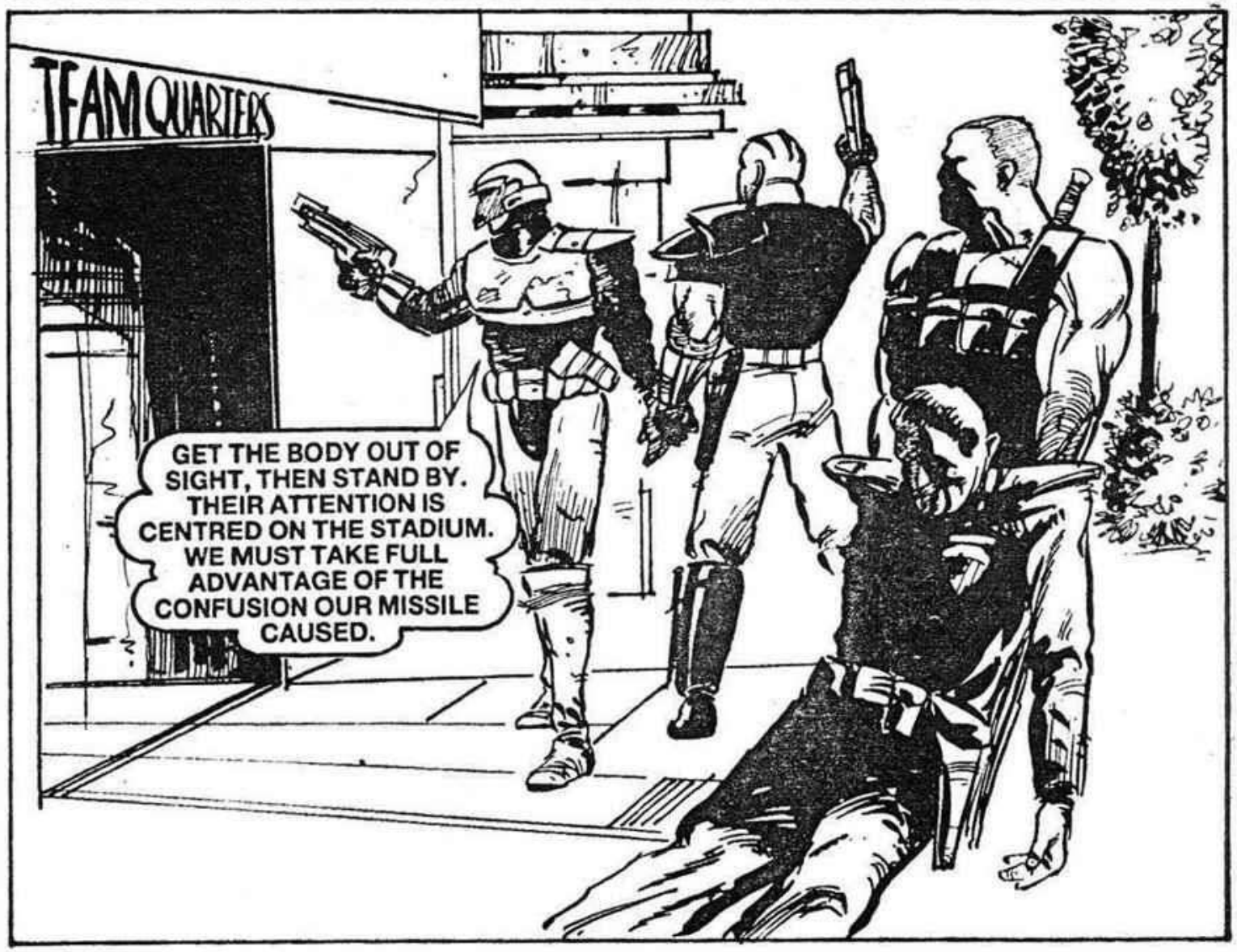

KZTV
THE MAGNIFICENT HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAYS NOW FADE AS WE GREET THIS FINE ATHLETE, AS HE ENDS HIS JOURNEY AND PREPARES TO IGNITE THE OLYMPIC FLAME.

THE SOMETHING WAS A MISSILE—
IT'S A S.M.A.R.T.* MISSILE — DODGING ANYTHING WE THROW AT IT.
* Sensor Monitoring And Reactive Targetting


IT'S GOING TO HIT US!
SECURITY

STAND BY FOR IMPACT!
AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
ONLY SUPERFICIAL DAMAGE SUSTAINED.
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, DORP. THE PERIMETER SENSOR GRID IS DOWN AND THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING — TROUBLE, AND PLENTY OF IT!
THEY'RE HERE! I FEEL IT IN MY CIRCUITS! BUT WHERE? GET THOSE COMMUNICATIONS UNSCRAMBLED. WE'VE GOT A SEARCH TO CO-ORDINATE!


CARTER'S HUNCH WAS CORRECT. THE BLAST HAD THROWN THE SECURITY SYSTEMS INTO CHAOS, AND A FLIER HAD SLIPPED OVER THE WALL—
GAMES SECURITY 5
HEY! WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON— ARGH!


TEAM QUARTERS
GET THE BODY OUT OF SIGHT, THEN STAND BY. THEIR ATTENTION IS CENTRED ON THE STADIUM. WE MUST TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION OUR MISSILE CAUSED.

THEY PENETRATED THE DESERTED BUILDING.
FIND EVIDENCE OR DESTROY THE ROOM THE MAN SAID. WHY?
WE'RE NOT PAID TO ASK QUESTIONS, ZEB.
NO EVIDENCE, SO I'LL DESTROY THE ROOM!
BORN TO RAISE HELL

MOMENTS LATER—
WHAT THE? GRIEF!
THAT FLIER — I DON'T LIKE —

FEAR DROVE THE CROWD INTO A FRENZY, WAVES OF PEOPLE SURGING AGAINST THE BARRIERS—

OUTA MY WAY!

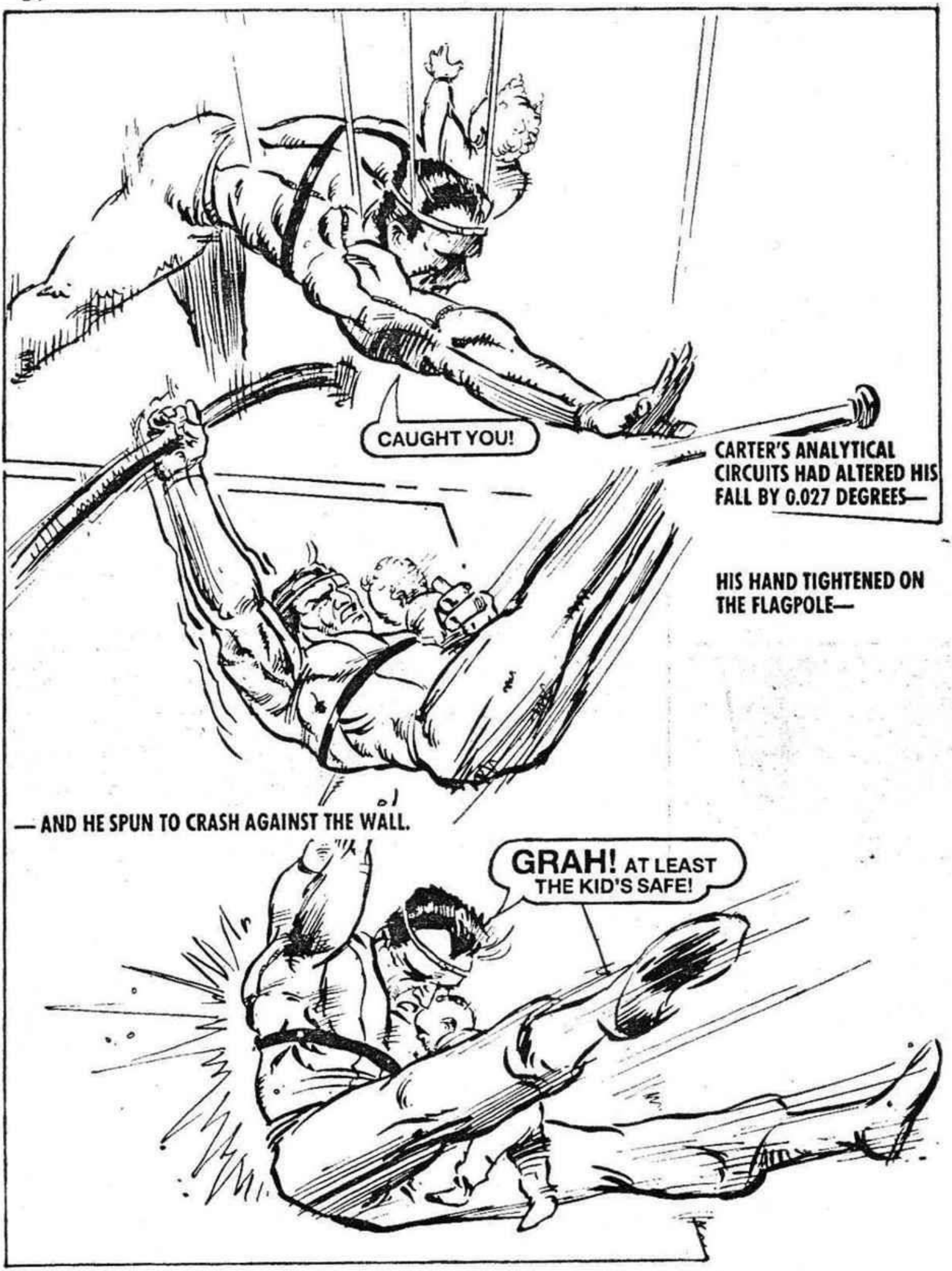
DOWN THERE QUICKLY.

A BARRIER CRACKED, AND A BABY FELL.

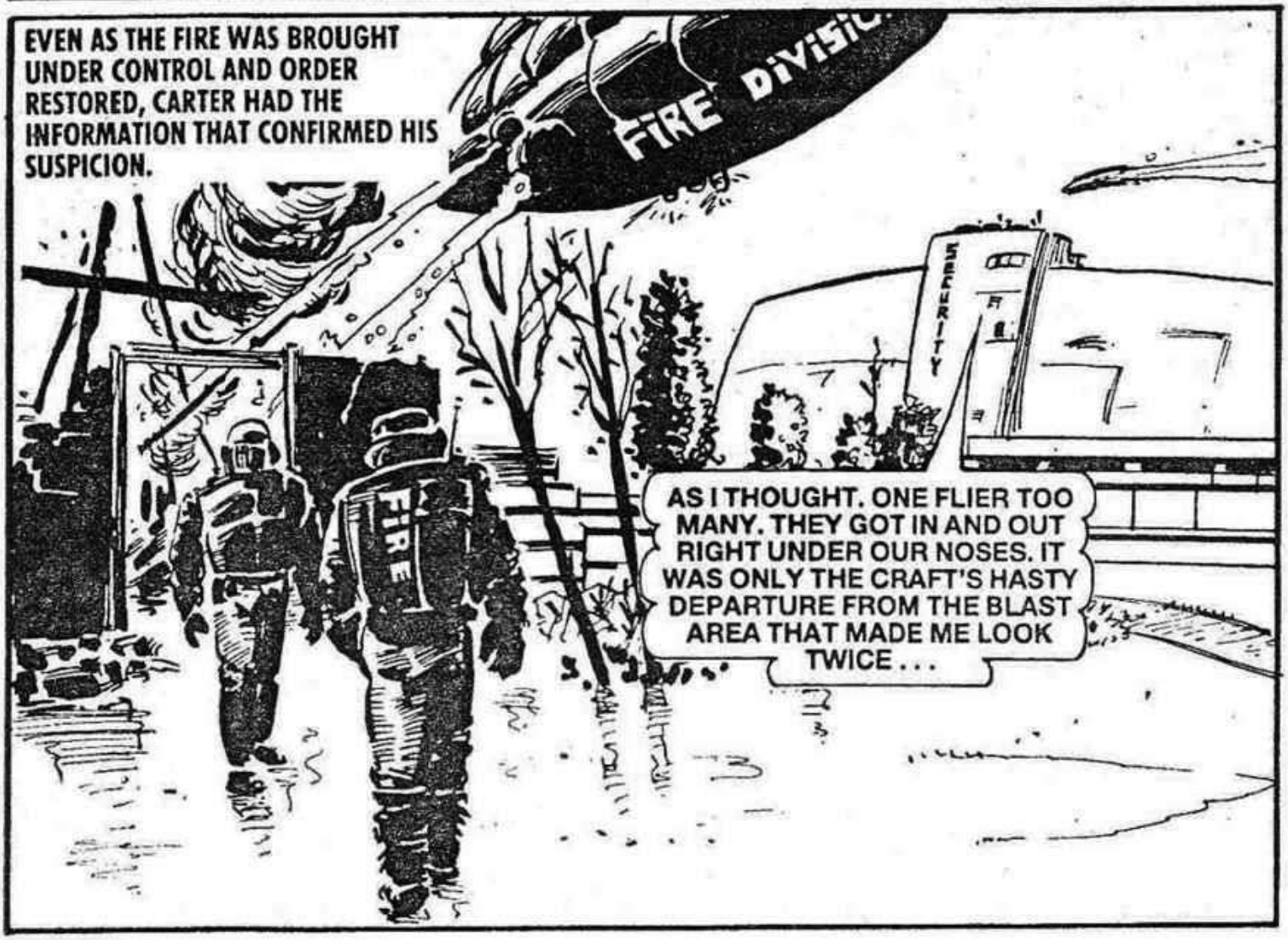
EXIT

CARTER DIDN'T THINK . . . HE JUST REACTED—

GOT TO REACH HER — COME ON, BRAIN . . . COMPUTE!


CAUGHT YOU!
CARTER'S ANALYTICAL CIRCUITS HAD ALTERED HIS FALL BY 0.027 DEGREES—
HIS HAND TIGHTENED ON THE FLAGPOLE—
— AND HE SPUN TO CRASH AGAINST THE WALL.
GRAH! AT LEAST THE KID'S SAFE!

A HOV-FLIER HELPED HIM TO THE GROUND.
THERE YOU ARE, MA'AM!
THANK YOU! OH, THANK YOU!


EVEN AS THE FIRE WAS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL AND ORDER RESTORED, CARTER HAD THE INFORMATION THAT CONFIRMED HIS SUSPICION.
SECURITY
AS I THOUGHT. ONE FLIER TOO MANY. THEY GOT IN AND OUT RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES. IT WAS ONLY THE CRAFT'S HASTY DEPARTURE FROM THE BLAST AREA THAT MADE ME LOOK TWICE . . .

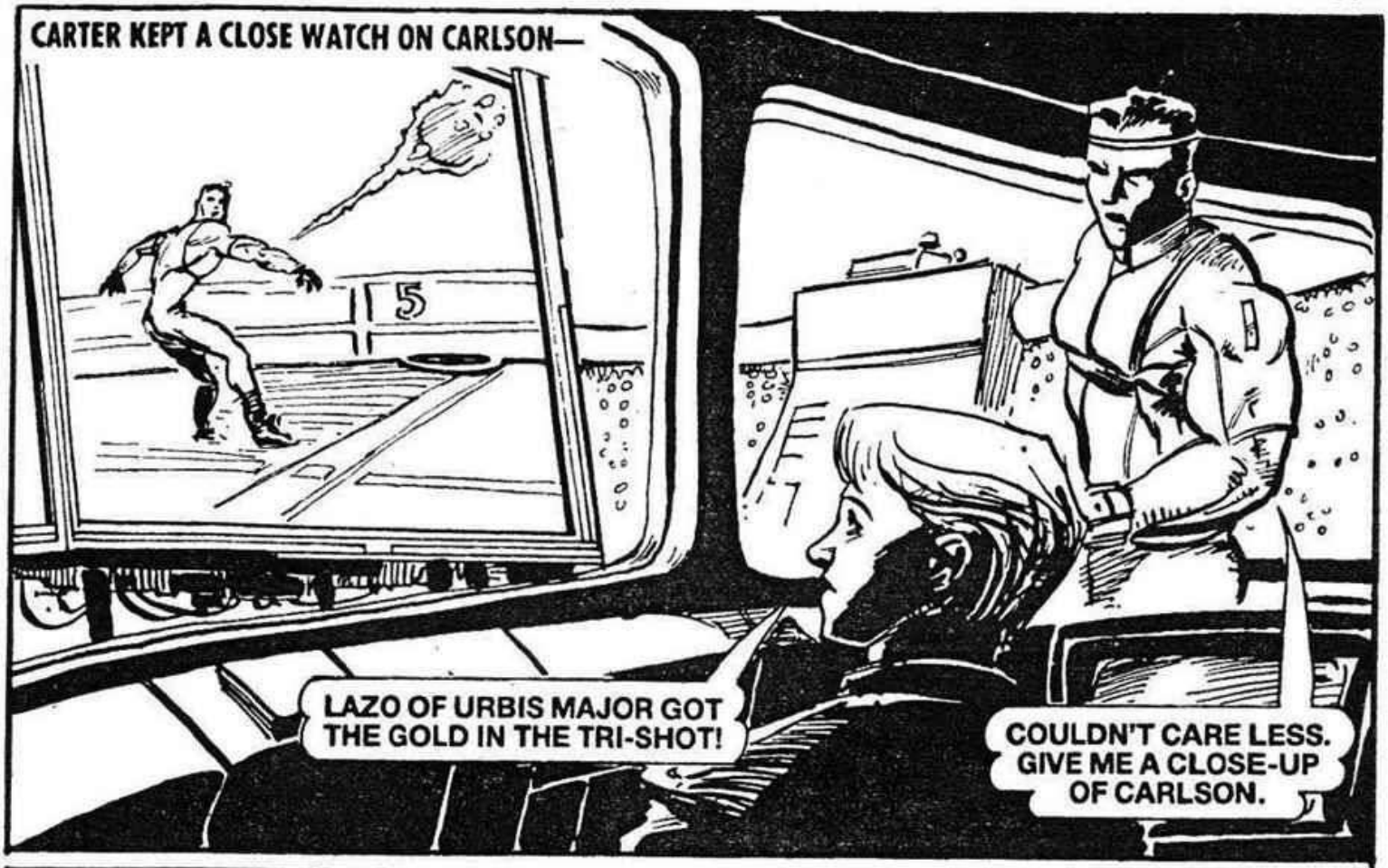
THAT MISSILE ATTACK WAS A DIVERSION, AND THE MEANS OF PENETRATING OUR DEFENCES. BUT WHY TAKE THE RISK OF A PERSONAL VISIT TO BURN THAT BUILDING WHEN ANOTHER MISSILE WOULD HAVE DONE THE JOB? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE . . .

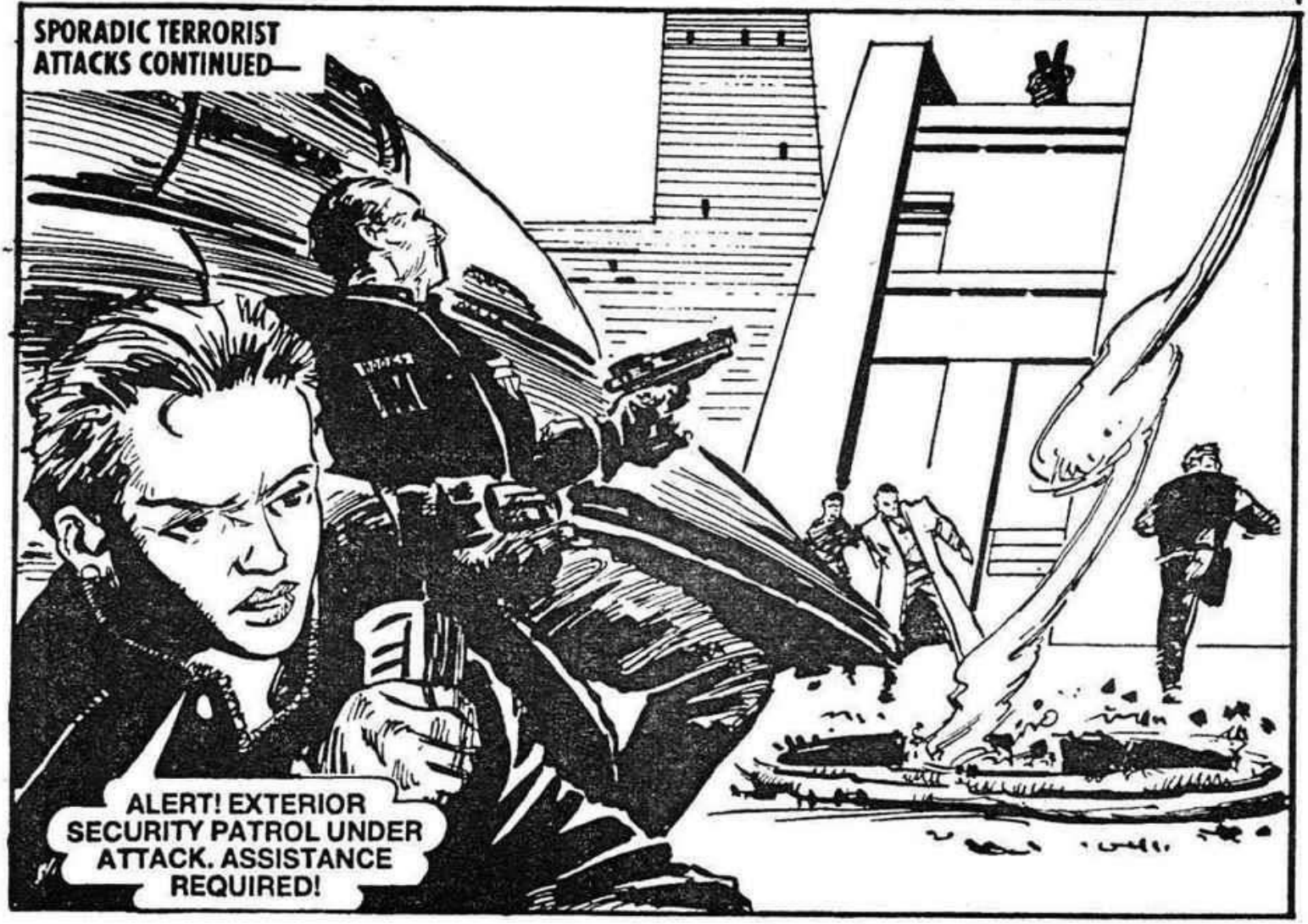
CARTER WAS LEFT TO PONDER THE MYSTERY AS THE GAMES RE-COMMENCED—
REPLAY
YESTERDAY'S TERRORIST ATTACK WAS JUST A MEMORY AS AMITAF YOUNGER BROKE THE JAVELIN RECORD WITH A FIRST ROUND THROW OF 151.20 METRES.

ELSEWHERE, ROVING REPORTER RON SCOTT, IS AT THE STADIUM WITH ZAK CARLSON.
I AM TOLD THAT THE FIRE ORIGINATED IN MY ROOM, BUT WHY TERRORISTS WOULD WANT TO KILL ME . . . I DON'T KNOW!
INTERESTING . . . AND I'VE HAD A THOUGHT.

AFTER THE INTERVIEW—
SUPPOSE IT'S NOT THE TERRORISTS WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU . . . SUPPOSE IT WAS PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T WANT CYBORG DOPING EXPOSED?
THE IMPLANTS ARE UNDETECTABLE, EXCEPT BY SURGERY — BUT I SUPPOSE THE DEALERS MIGHT NOT BE PREPARED TO RISK EXPOSURE.
T.V.

WHAT'S IT TO YOU ANYHOW, MANDROID? YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, AFTER ALL! WHY SHOULD YOU CARE?
CYBORG DOPING DOESN'T BOTHER ME. BUT ARSON DOES, ALONG WITH MURDER.
CHEATS IN YOUR BUSINESS WIN RACES, CARLSON. CHEATS IN MINE KILL AND DESTROY.
AND PEOPLE WHO THREATEN MY BUSINESS GET WIPED OUT. YOU'VE JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT, CARLSON.
ALDEBERAN
EW
ARTH


CARTER KEPT A CLOSE WATCH ON CARLSON—
LAZO OF URBIS MAJOR GOT THE GOLD IN THE TRI-SHOT!
COULDN'T CARE LESS. GIVE ME A CLOSE-UP OF CARLSON.

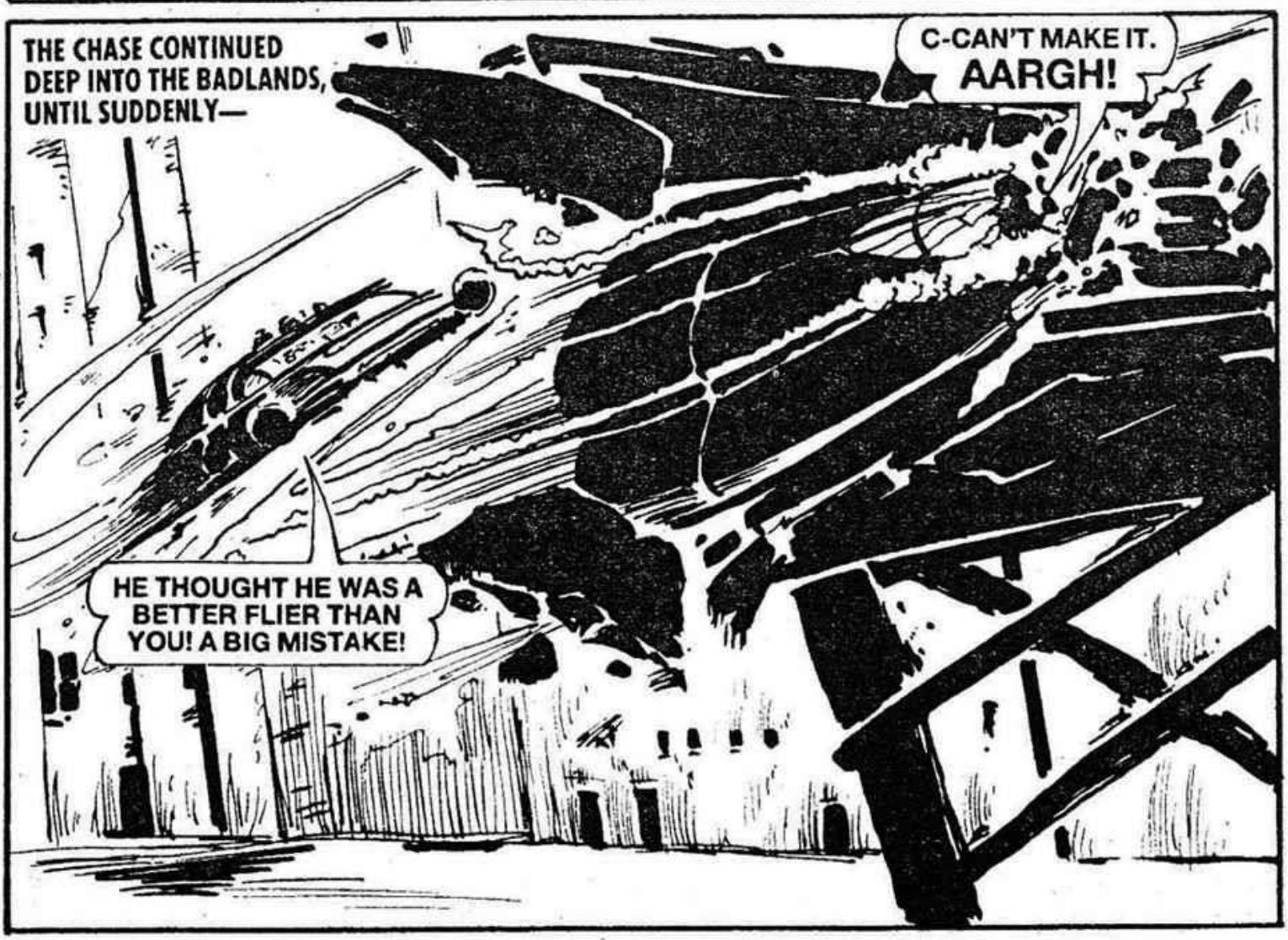

SPORADIC TERRORIST ATTACKS CONTINUED—
ALERT! EXTERIOR SECURITY PATROL UNDER ATTACK. ASSISTANCE REQUIRED!

AS SECURITY DIVISION CLOSED IN, THEY CAME UNDER ATTACK—
THAT'S ENOUGH — LET'S GET OUT BEFORE MORE LEOS ARRIVE!

AS THE FLIER SPED AWAY—
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE BADLANDS.
I'M LOSING THEM! THEY'RE GOING DOWN TO STREET LEVEL . . .

THEN SO ARE WE! GET THIS CRATE SHIFTING.

THE TERRORIST FLIER SPED THROUGH THE MAZE OF STREETS, DESPERATE TO SHAKE OFF THE PURSUIT.
YOU'RE GOING TO GET ME KILLED!
LOSE THAT FLIER AND WE'LL ALL BE KILLED.
MOSTROMO

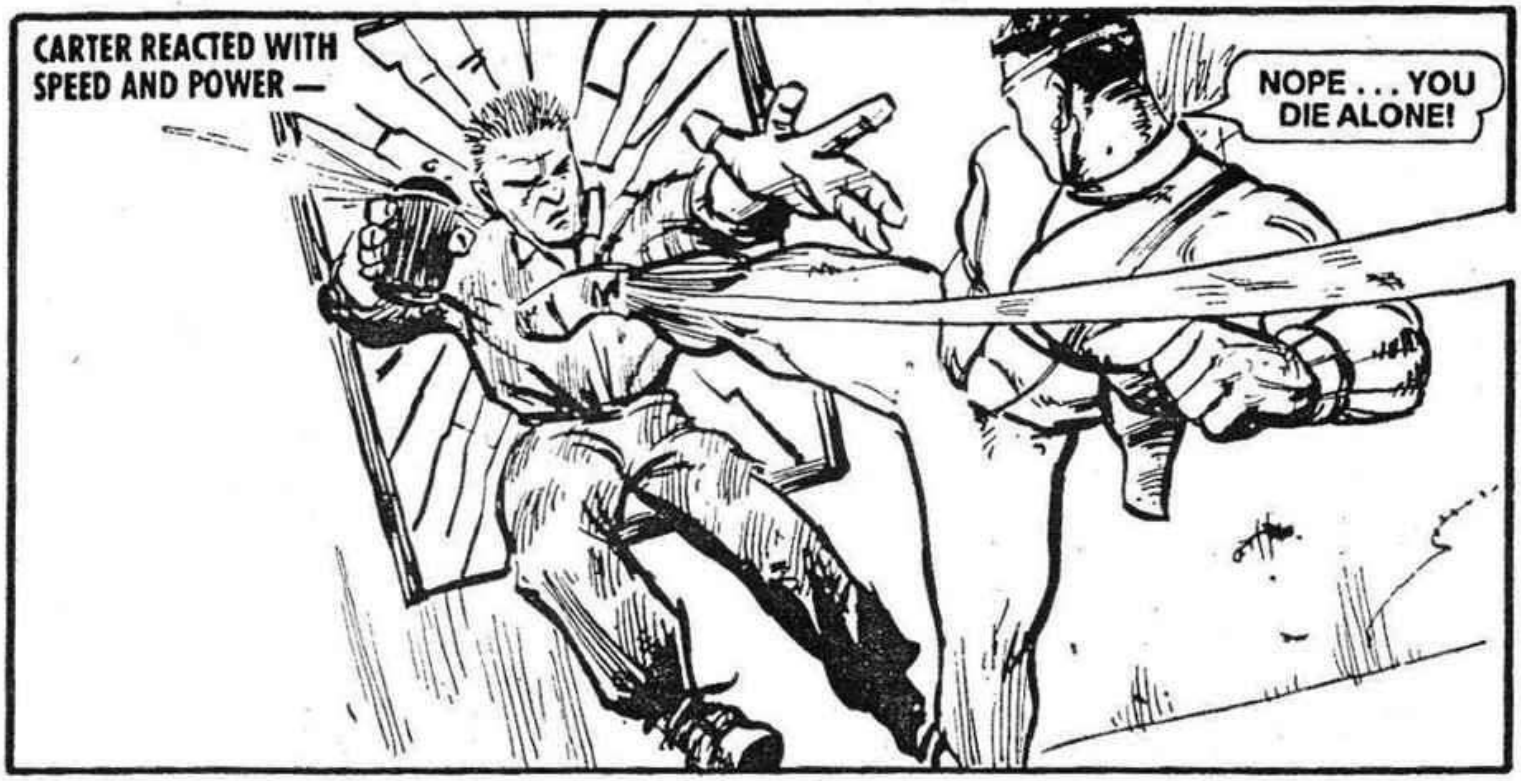

THE CHASE CONTINUED DEEP INTO THE BADLANDS, UNTIL SUDDENLY—
C-CAN'T MAKE IT. AARGH!
HE THOUGHT HE WAS A BETTER FLIER THAN YOU! A BIG MISTAKE!

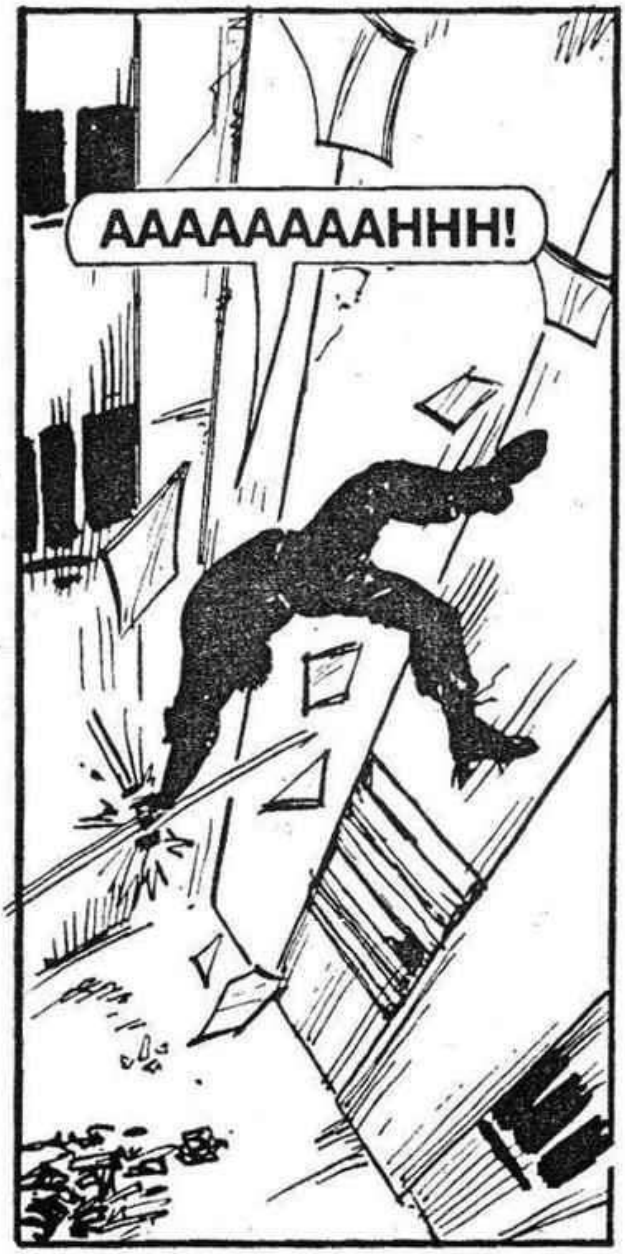
MOMENTS LATER, THE FLIER CRASH-LANDED.
HE'S ARMED — CALL FOR BACK UP.
AND LET THAT CREEP GET AWAY? NEVER!

THE TERRORIST WAS AS DESPERATE AND DEADLY AS A CORNERED RAT.
CHEW ON THAT, FED PIG!

THE TERRORISTS' MOCKING LAUGH ECHOED IN THE ALLEY—
THE FED'S DEAD—
BUT SOMETHING WAS STIRRING—
THE TERRORIST RELAXED —
— WHICH WAS A MISTAKE, BECAUSE CARTER WASN'T DEAD. HIS MANDROID STRENGTH SAVED HIM.

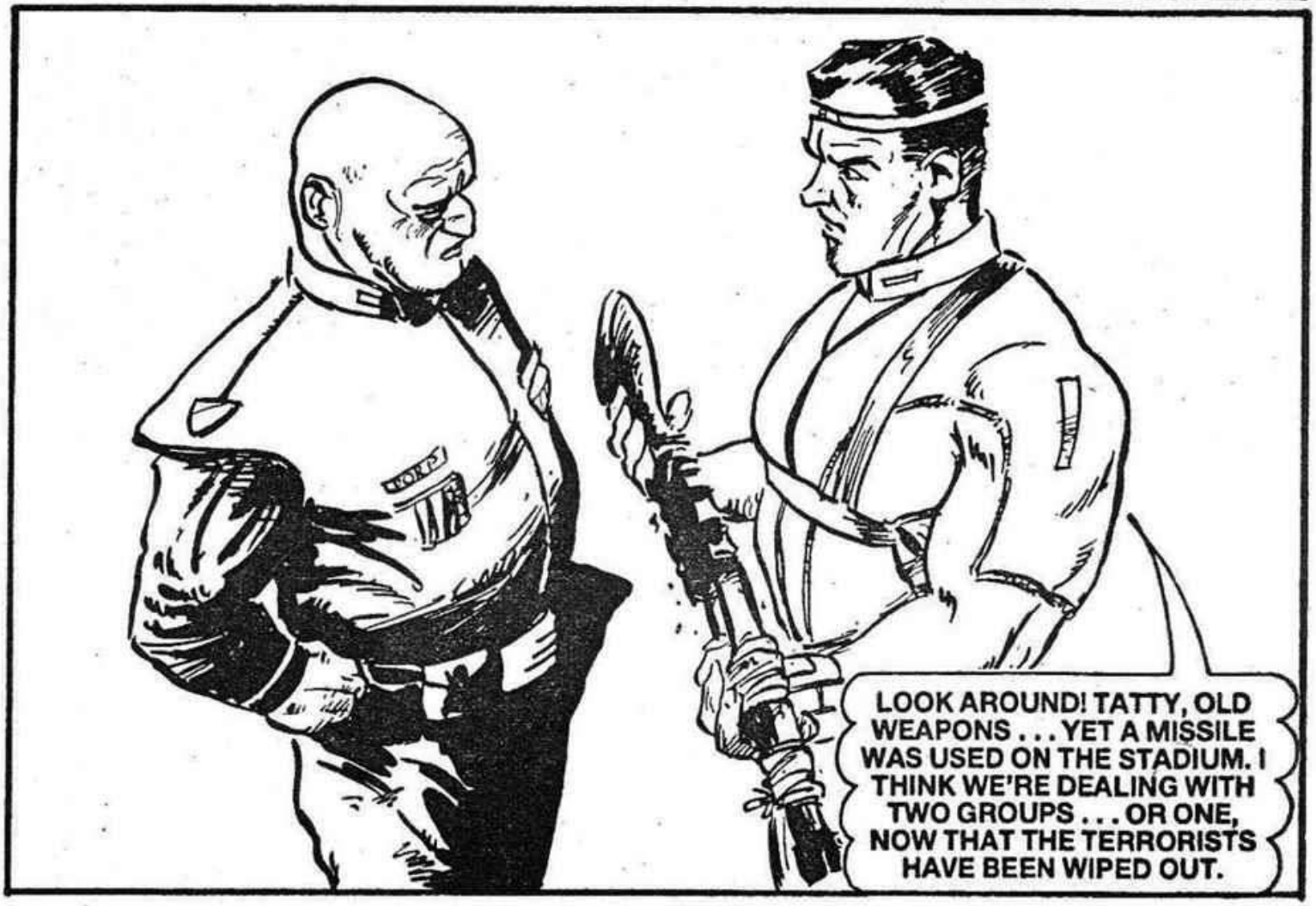
SUDDENLY CARTER WAS AMONG THEM, UNARMED, HIS BODY A LETHAL WEAPON —
STAND BACK — I'M HERE!
BUT ONE OF THE TERRORISTS MANAGED TO SNATCH A GRENADE —
YOU DIE WITH ME!


CARTER REACTED WITH SPEED AND POWER —
NOPE . . . YOU DIE ALONE!


AAAAAAAAHHH!

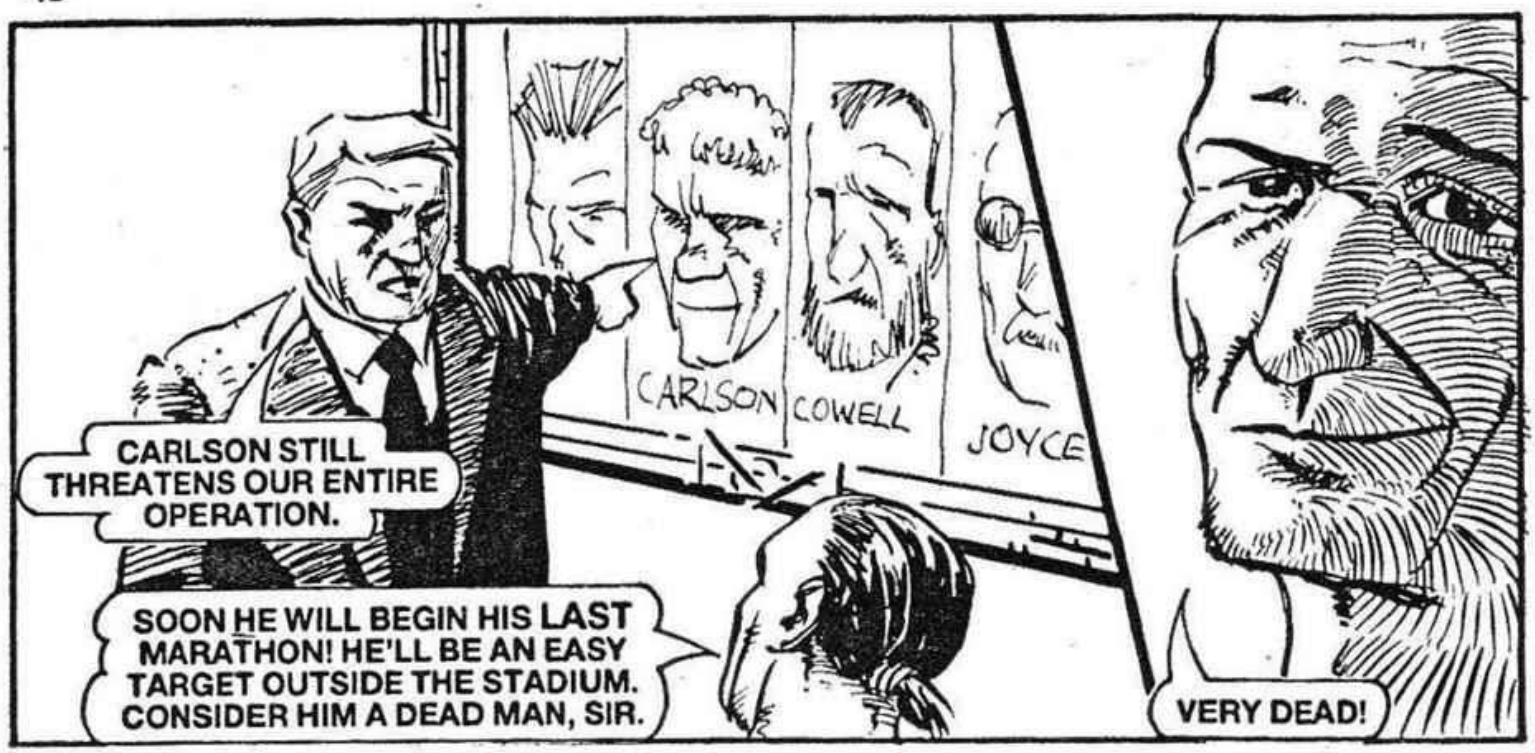
SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'VE FOUND CARTER. MOVE IN! HURRY!

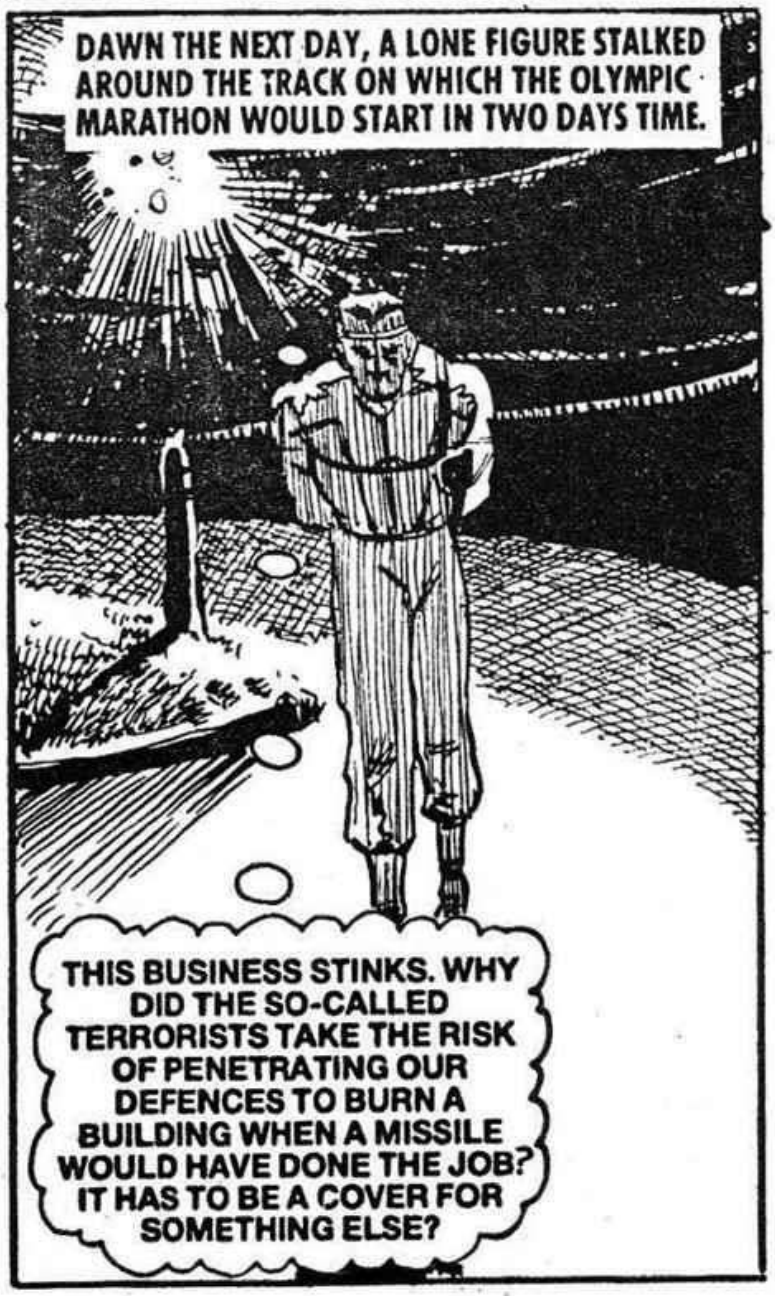
SOON—
YOU DISOBEYED ORDERS, CARTER, BUT, I'LL OVERLOOK YOUR BLATANT INSUBORDINATION SEEING AS IT RESULTED IN THE ENTIRE TERRORIST THING BEING WRAPPED UP.
I'M NOT SURE IT'S WRAPPED UP, DORP. IT FEELS ALL WRONG . . .

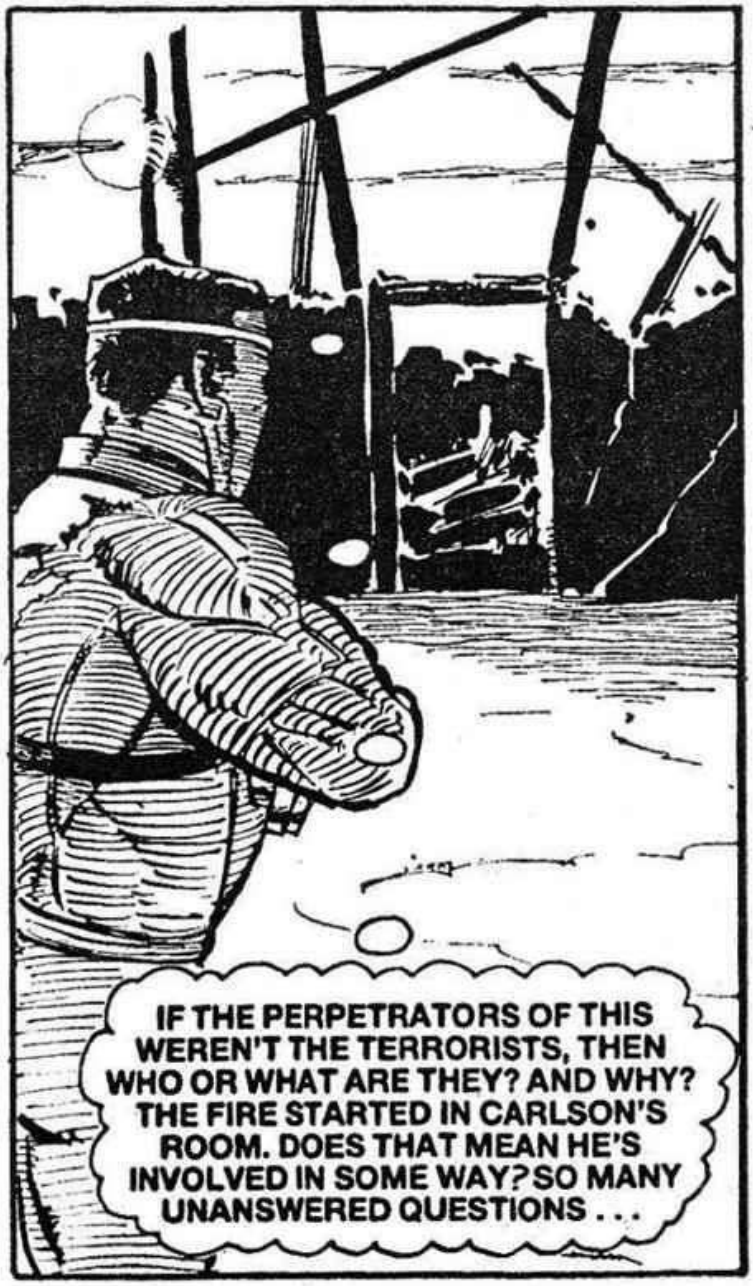

LOOK AROUND! TATTY, OLD WEAPONS . . . YET A MISSILE WAS USED ON THE STADIUM. I THINK WE'RE DEALING WITH TWO GROUPS . . . OR ONE, NOW THAT THE TERRORISTS HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT.

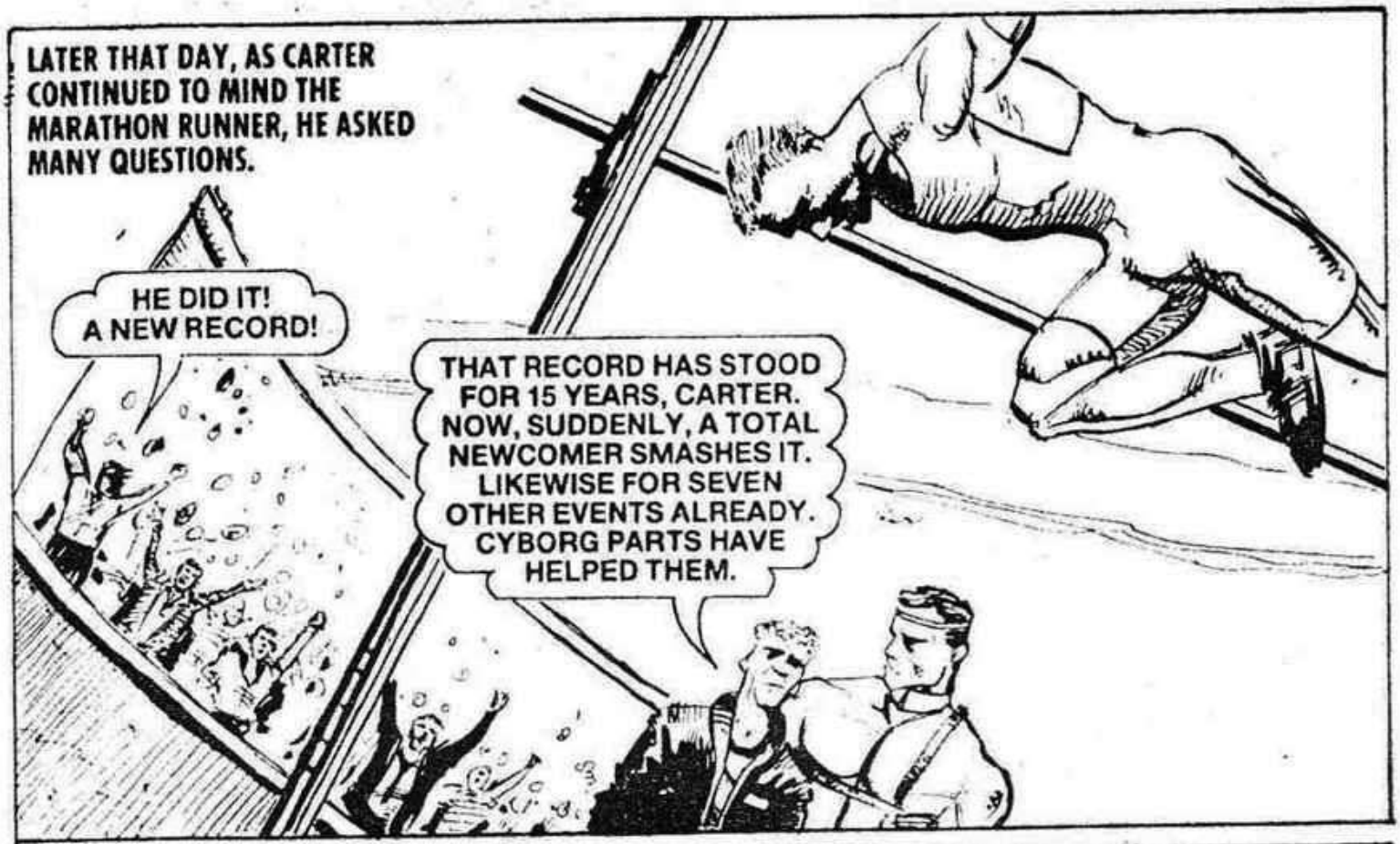
WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE STILL OUT THERE . . .
YOU'RE WRONG, CARTER.

BACK AT MULTI-CORP'S OFFICES —
OFFICER CARTER. I —
NO COMMENT!
A MAN OF FEW WORDS, BUT A HERO ALL THE SAME, THANKS TO HIM THE GAMES CAN CONTINUE IN PEACE!


CARLSON
COWELL
JOYCE
CARLSON STILL THREATENS OUR ENTIRE OPERATION.
SOON HE WILL BEGIN HIS LAST MARATHON! HE'LL BE AN EASY TARGET OUTSIDE THE STADIUM. CONSIDER HIM A DEAD MAN, SIR.
VERY DEAD!


DAWN THE NEXT DAY, A LONE FIGURE STALKED AROUND THE TRACK ON WHICH THE OLYMPIC MARATHON WOULD START IN TWO DAYS TIME.
THIS BUSINESS STINKS. WHY DID THE SO-CALLED TERRORISTS TAKE THE RISK OF PENETRATING OUR DEFENCES TO BURN A BUILDING WHEN A MISSILE WOULD HAVE DONE THE JOB? IT HAS TO BE A COVER FOR SOMETHING ELSE?

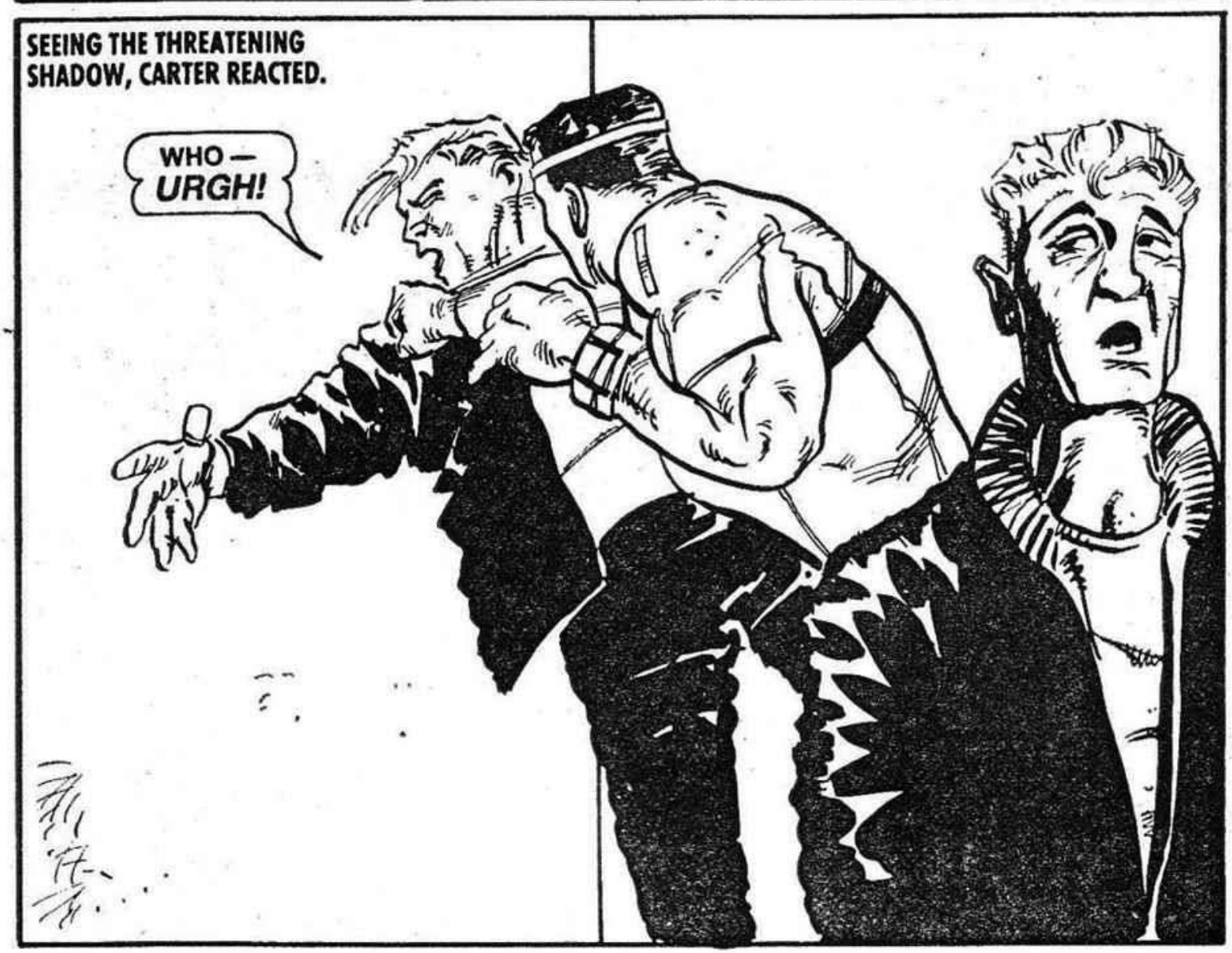

IF THE PERPETRATORS OF THIS WEREN'T THE TERRORISTS, THEN WHO OR WHAT ARE THEY? AND WHY? THE FIRE STARTED IN CARLSON'S ROOM. DOES THAT MEAN HE'S INVOLVED IN SOME WAY? SO MANY UNANSWERED QUESTIONS . . .


LATER THAT DAY, AS CARTER CONTINUED TO MIND THE MARATHON RUNNER, HE ASKED MANY QUESTIONS.
HE DID IT! A NEW RECORD!
THAT RECORD HAS STOOD FOR 15 YEARS, CARTER. NOW, SUDDENLY, A TOTAL NEWCOMER SMASHES IT. LIKEWISE FOR SEVEN OTHER EVENTS ALREADY. CYBORG PARTS HAVE HELPED THEM.

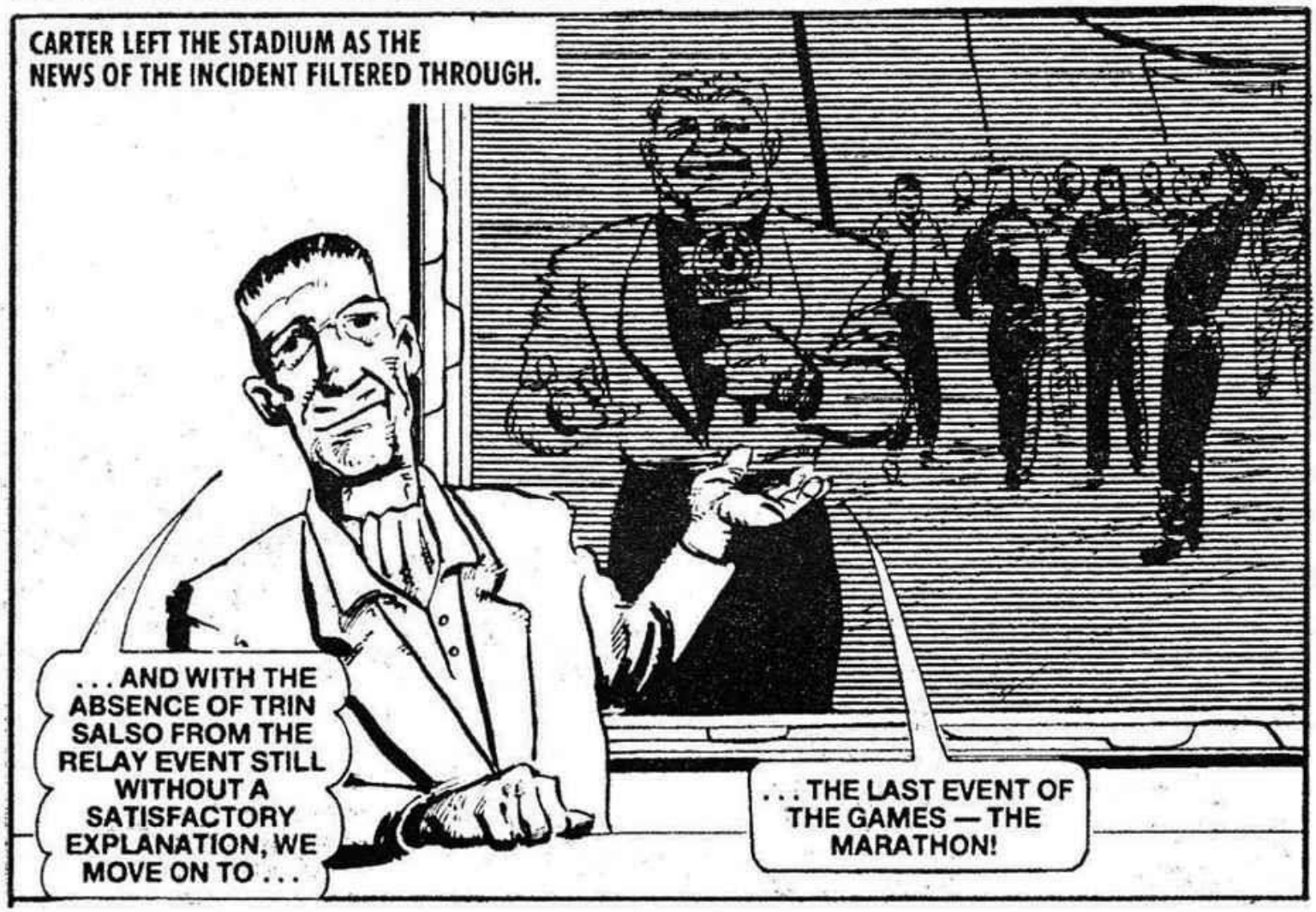
CARLSON PREPARED FOR HIS RACE.
. . . SO COMPANIES INVEST BIG MONEY BY GETTING TOP ATHLETES TO ENDORSE THEIR PRODUCTS. BUT THE COMPANIES NEED WINNERS, SO THEY TURN TO CYBORG DOPING.
AND YOU HAVE EVIDENCE . . . SOLID EVIDENCE! THE RECENT ATTACKS WEREN'T BY TERRORISTS . . . THEY WERE BY PEOPLE WHO WANT YOU SILENCED.

CARTER CONFRONTED DORP WITH HIS THEORY—
RUBBISH . . . CARLSON JUST WANTS THE PUBLICITY! THE TERRORISTS ARE DEAD, SO DROP IT!
MAYBE YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO ADMIT WE'VE ONLY DONE HALF A JOB SO FAR —
BUT LETTING GO WASN'T FRANK CARTER'S STYLE.
CARTER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
THE FOOLS HAVE RELAXED SECURITY FOR THE STADIUM, BUT YOU'RE GETTING MY PERSONAL MAXIMUM SECURITY TREATMENT. I THINK YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER. I'M READY FOR ANYTHING.

THE NEXT DAY AS CARLSON SURVEYED THE MARATHON ROUTE.
GIVE ME SOME SPACE, CYBOFREAK! YOUR BODY-GUARD ACT IS MAKING ME FEEL CLAUSTROPHOBIC!
NOPE! WHA . . .


SEEING THE THREATENING SHADOW, CARTER REACTED.
WHO— URGH!

BUT—
YOU'VE DONE IT THIS TIME, CARTER! THIS IS CARLSON'S FRIEND, TRIN SALSO — DUE TO COMPETE IN THE RELAY RACE. THIS IS A BATON, CARTER, NOT A DEADLY WEAPON.
HE SHOULD HAVE KEPT HIS DISTANCE.
YOU'RE RELIEVED OF YOUR DUTIES, CARTER. GROUNDED!

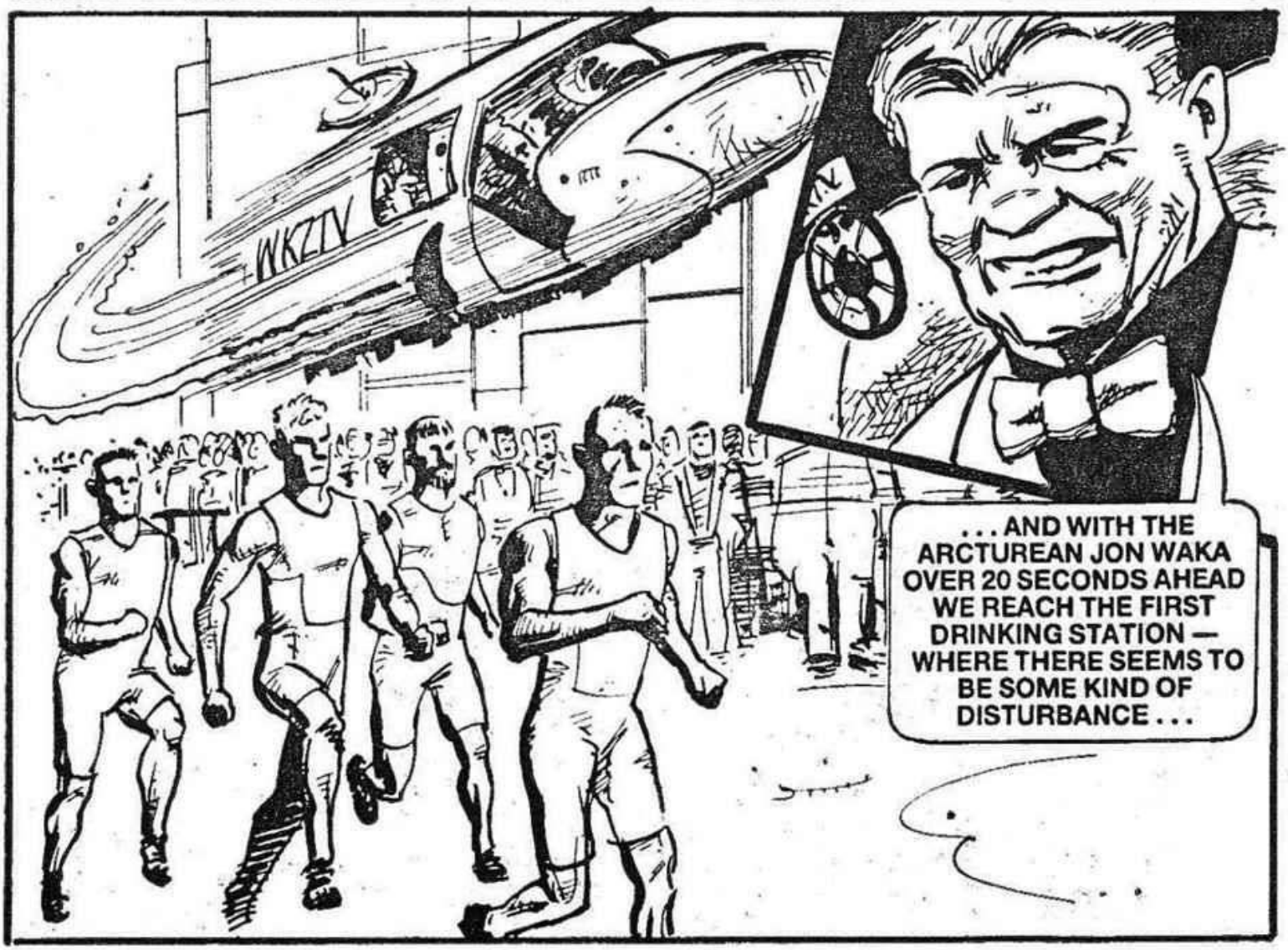

CARTER LEFT THE STADIUM AS THE NEWS OF THE INCIDENT FILTERED THROUGH.
. . . AND WITH THE ABSENCE OF TRIN SALSO FROM THE RELAY EVENT STILL WITHOUT A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION, WE MOVE ON TO . . .
. . . THE LAST EVENT OF THE GAMES — THE MARATHON!

26.2 GRUELLING MILES THROUGH THE SURROUNDING CITYSCAPE AWAIT THESE MAGNIFICENT ATHLETES, STARTING WITH A LAP OF THE TRACK IN THE STADIUM . . .
WKZTV.
. . . AND WITH A UNIVERSAL RECORD OF 1.05.22, TODAY SHOULD SEE A TITANIC BATTLE. CAN CARLSON BEAT THE ONE HOUR BARRIER?
LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT OUR OWN BATTLE TO FIGHT.

UNBEKNOWN TO HIS SUPERIORS, CARTER HAD ARRANGED HIS OWN PRIVATE SECURITY PATROL.
WKTV
ENTRANCE
YOU'RE BAD NEWS FOR MY PROMOTION PROSPECTS, MISTER CARTER, BUT I TRUST YOUR JUDGMENT. WHAT'S THE GAME PLAN?
WE CAN'T POSSIBLY COVER EVERY BUILDING OR PERSON IN THE CROWD. INSTEAD, LET'S TRY AND THINK LIKE THE BAD GUYS.
HOW WOULD YOU TAKE OUT ONE RUNNER FROM THE RACE, HUH?
AT THE FIRST DRINK STATION! A NASTY SURPRISE COULD BE WAITING FOR A THIRSTY RUNNER.

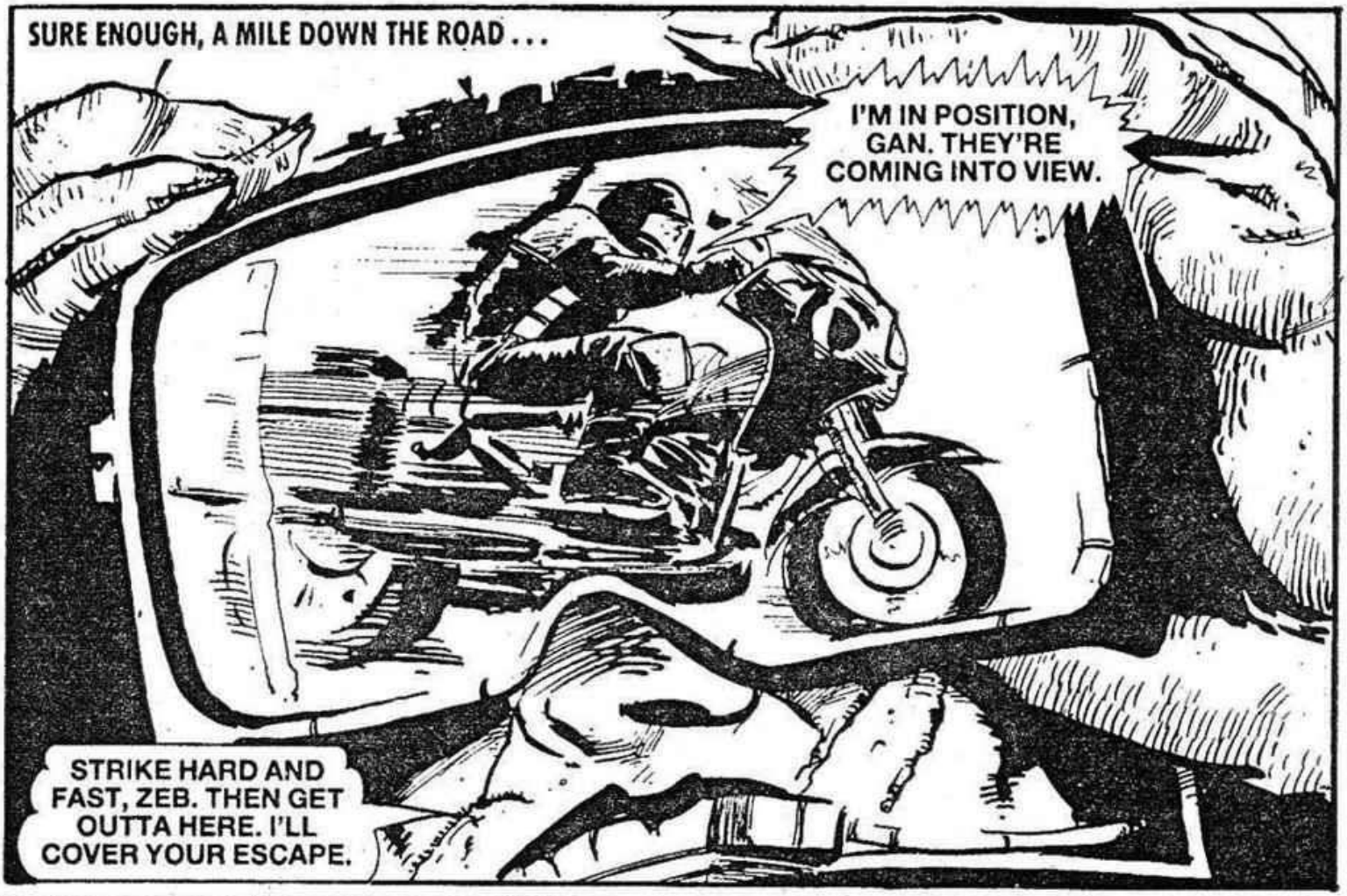
THE FLIER SPED ON TO THE FIRST DRINK STATION —
WHY DO YOU WANT TO SEE CARLSON'S DRINK BOTTLE?
MY COMPUTER IMPLANT IS ANALYSING IT . . . M52 NERVE POISON . . . 100% FATAL.
THAT MAN OVER THERE WAS THE LAST TO HANDLE THE BOTTLE. SAID HE WAS ZAK CARLSON'S COACH.
STOP — POLICE!

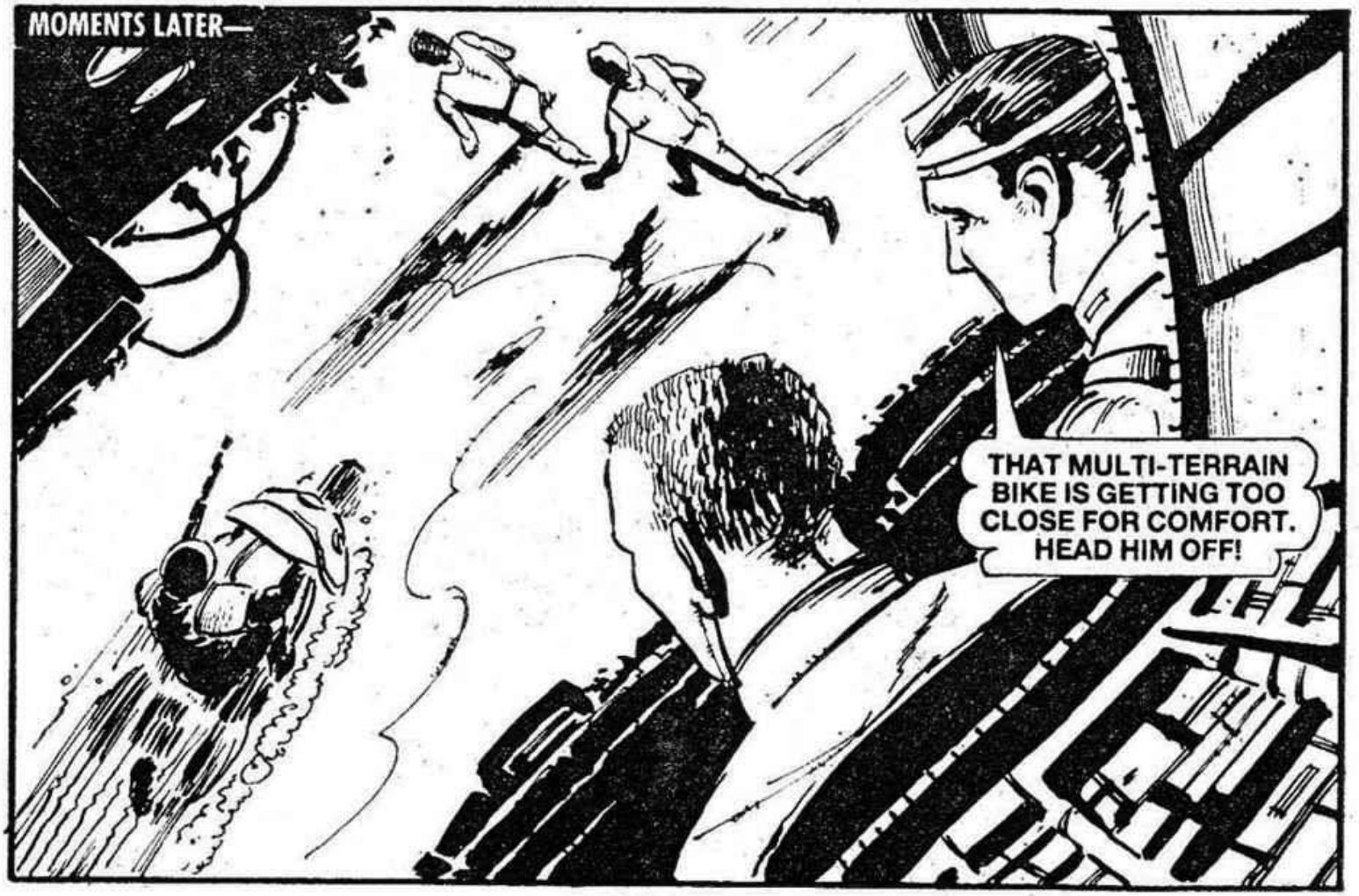
CARTER HAD A CLEAR LINE OF SIGHT FOR ONLY A COUPLE OF SECONDS. THAT WAS ALL HE NEEDED.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN!


WKZTV
. . . AND WITH THE ARCTUREAN JON WAKA OVER 20 SECONDS AHEAD WE REACH THE FIRST DRINKING STATION — WHERE THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF DISTURBANCE . . .

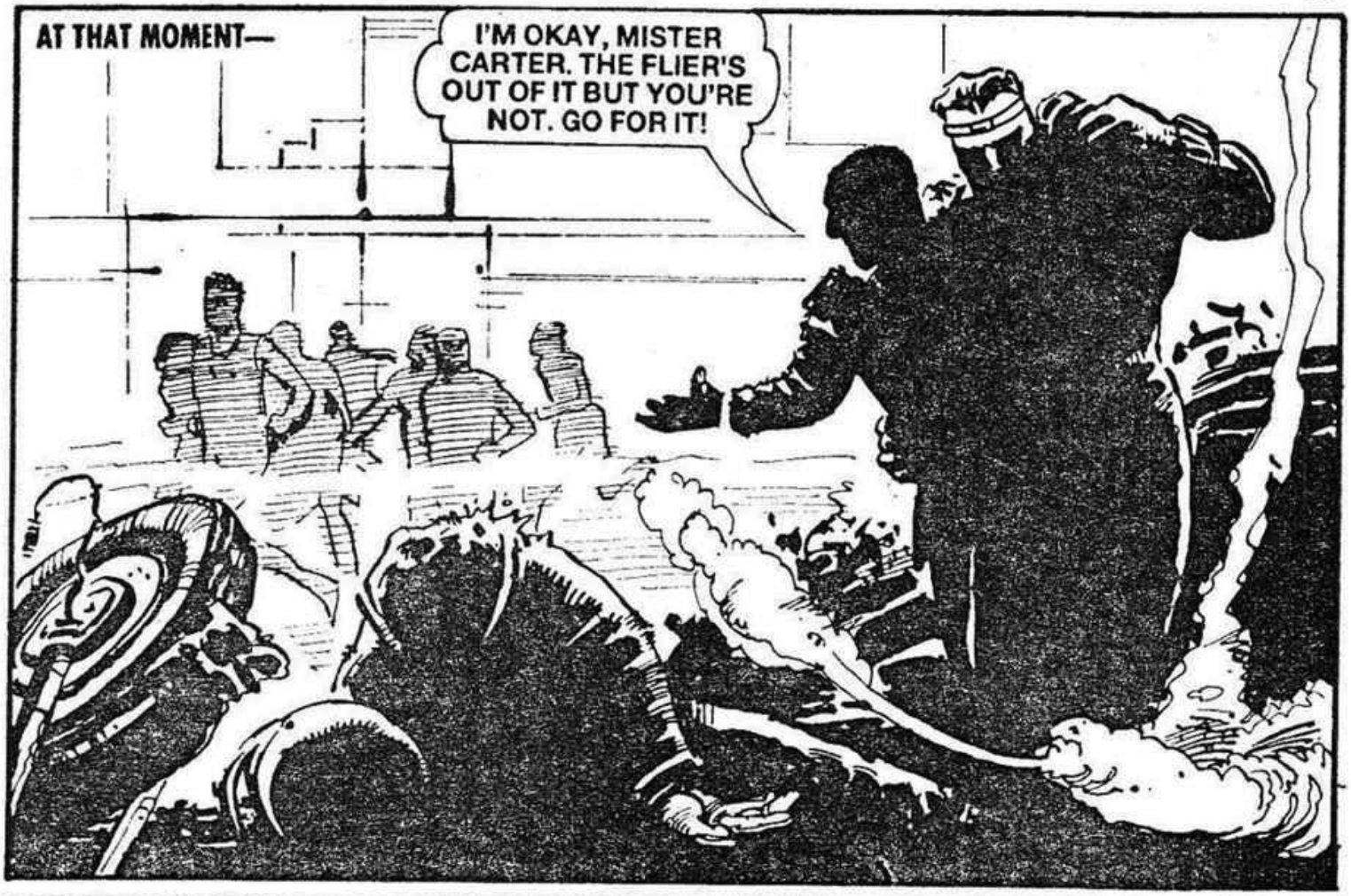
BUT AS CARLSON IN THE FOLLOWING GROUP PASSED BY—
WHAT THE? CARTER!
ALL PART OF THE SERVICE, CARLSON.

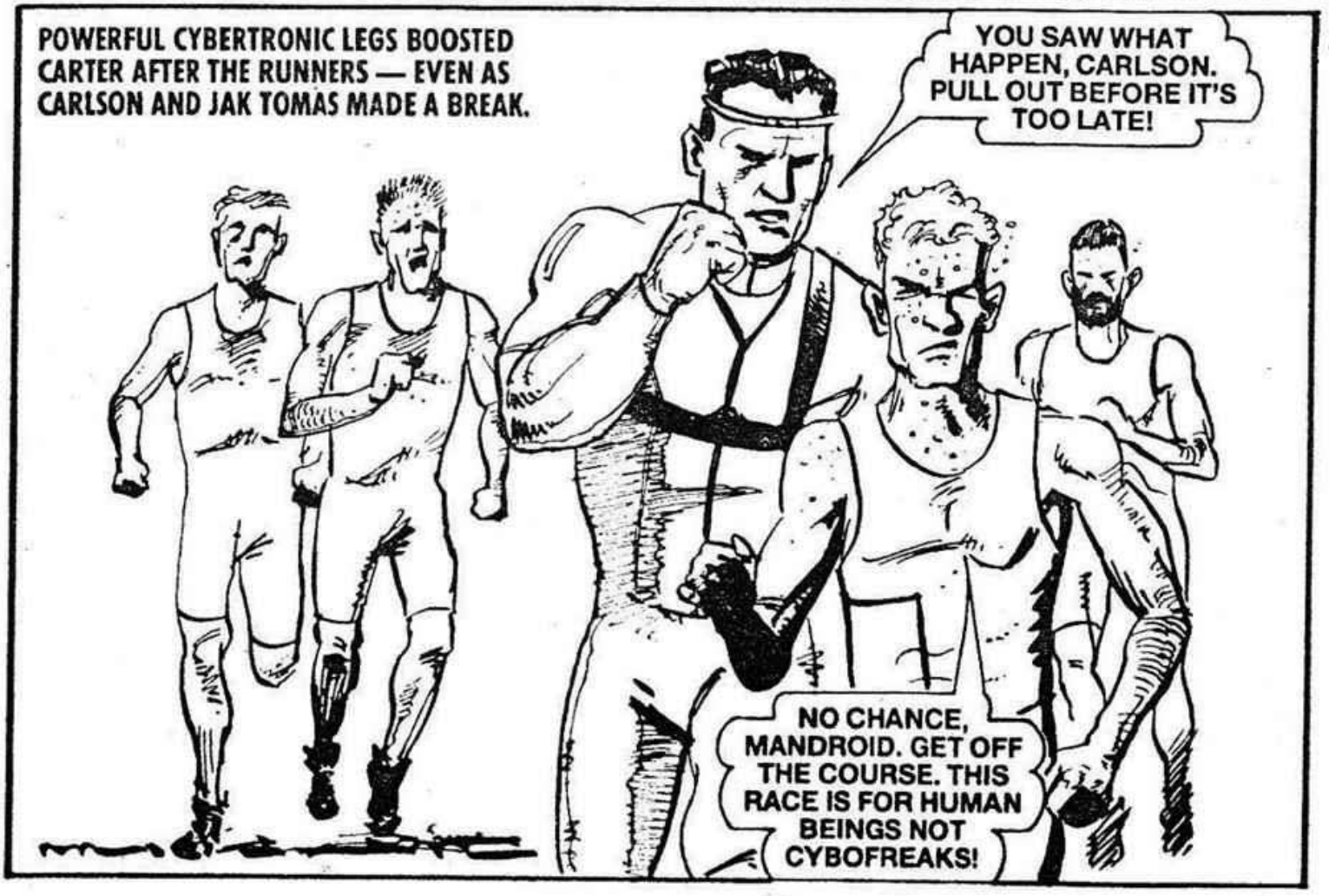
BY THE HALF WAY POINT THE ARCTUREAN RUNNER WAS PAYING THE PRICE FOR AN OVER-AMBITIOUS PACE.
THE CHASING GROUP HAVE SENSED THE LEADER IS WEAKENING. THE GAP IS CLOSING. WHAT A RACE!
THE ROUTE SKIRTS THE BADLANDS JUST UP AHEAD. IDEAL AMBUSH TERRITORY.


SURE ENOUGH, A MILE DOWN THE ROAD . . .
I'M IN POSITION, GAN. THEY'RE COMING INTO VIEW.
STRIKE HARD AND FAST, ZEB. THEN GET OUTTA HERE. I'LL COVER YOUR ESCAPE.

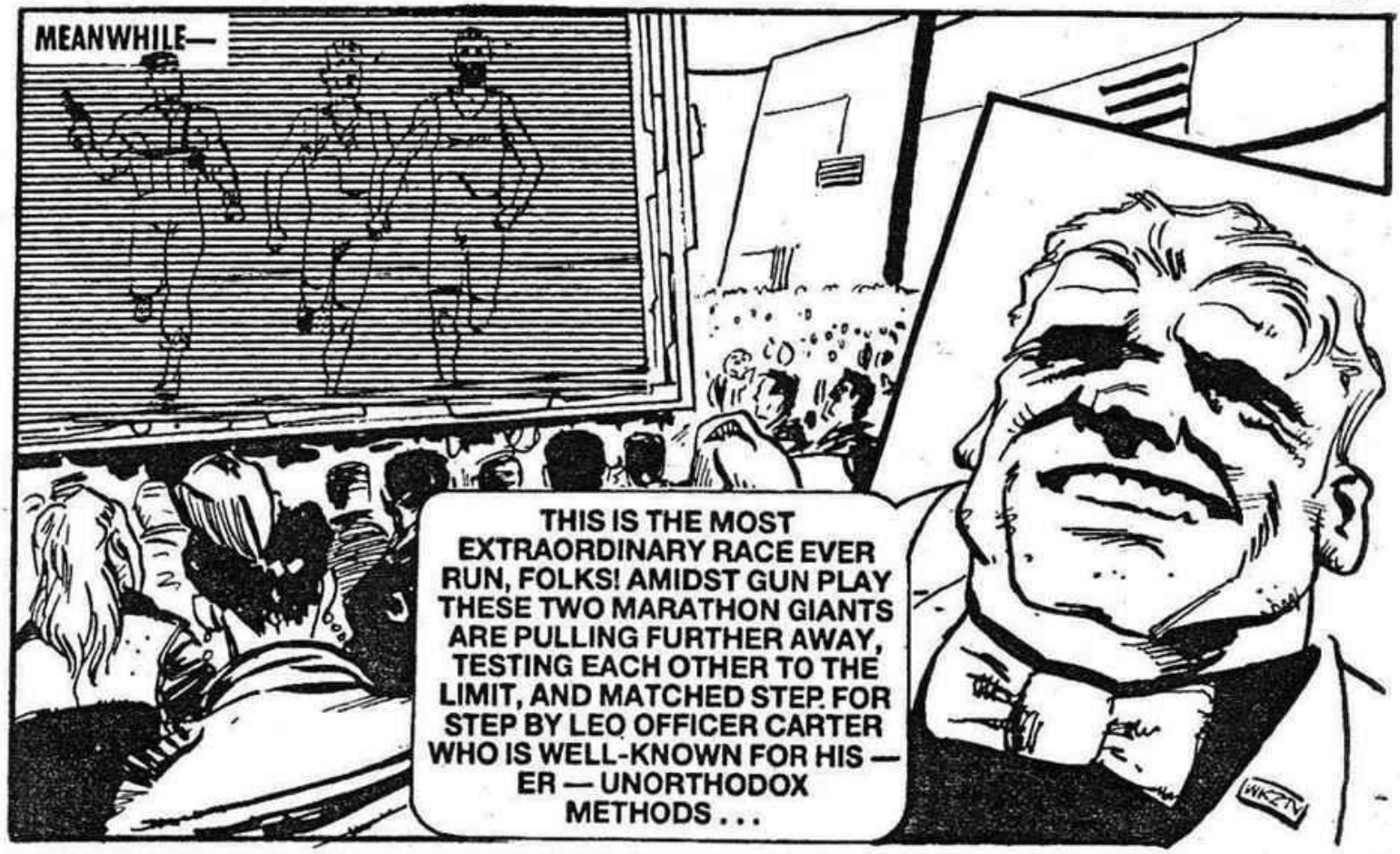

MOMENTS LATER—
THAT MULTI-TERRAIN BIKE IS GETTING TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT. HEAD HIM OFF!

SKINZKI GUNNED THE FLIER TO INTERCEPT—
THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE, FOLKS. ONLY METRES AWAY FROM THE RUNNERS A GUN BATTLE RAGES — MAYHEM — UTTER MAYHEM!
THE POLICE FLIER HAS COLLIDED WITH THE OTHER VEHICLE. THEY'VE CRASHED!
THIS SMELLS OF CARTER'S HANDIWORK! GET ME A FLIER — THE FASTEST AND MOST HEAVILY-ARMED WE'VE GOT. THERE'S GOING TO BE HEADS ROLLING!


AT THAT MOMENT—
I'M OKAY, MISTER CARTER. THE FLIER'S OUT OF IT BUT YOU'RE NOT. GO FOR IT!


POWERFUL CYBERTRONIC LEGS BOOSTED CARTER AFTER THE RUNNERS — EVEN AS CARLSON AND JAK TOMAS MADE A BREAK.
YOU SAW WHAT HAPPEN, CARLSON. PULL OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
NO CHANCE, MANDROID. GET OFF THE COURSE. THIS RACE IS FOR HUMAN BEINGS NOT CYBOFREAKS!

GAN, THE FINAL ASSASSIN, SWOOPED IN FOR THE KILL . . .
YOU NEED PROTECTION, CARLSON, AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GETTING. SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR RUNNING.
CARTER GRABBED THE RUNNER AND PULLED HIM ASIDE, A BLAST BOLT SEARING PERILOUSLY CLOSE.
AARGH!
THAT WAS CLOSE!


MEANWHILE—
THIS IS THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY RACE EVER RUN, FOLKS! AMIDST GUN PLAY THESE TWO MARATHON GIANTS ARE PULLING FURTHER AWAY, TESTING EACH OTHER TO THE LIMIT, AND MATCHED STEP FOR STEP BY LEO OFFICER CARTER WHO IS WELL-KNOWN FOR HIS — ER — UNORTHODOX METHODS . . .

SOON, ON THE ROOF OF THE MULTI-CORP BUILDING.
YOUR ASSASSINS HAVE FAILED — YOUR FAILURE WILL NOT BE TOLERATED, GRENDAL.
I UNDERESTIMATED THAT MANDROID. LET'S SEE WHAT HE CAN DO AGAINST THIS BABY . . .

AS THE RACE ENTERED ITS FINAL STAGES, ZAK CARLSON'S FACE WAS A MASK OF PAIN AS HE PUSHED HIMSELF TO THE LIMIT.
C'MON, ZAK! YOU CAN BEAT HIM.
GOT . . . NOTHING . . . LEFT. HE'S . . . TOO . . . GOOD . . .
SUDDENLY—
HERE'S WHERE YOUR RACE ENDS, GENTS. MISSILES LOCKED ON TARGET.
OH, MY —
BUT, EVEN AS GRENDAL'S FINGER PRESSED THE BUTTON . . .
NICE SHOOTING, SKINZKI!

MULTIPLE EXPLOSIONS RIPPED GRENDAL'S CRAFT APART, DEADLY SHARDS OF METAL RAINING DOWN.
ARGH!
LOOK OUT!
ONCE AGAIN CARTER'S PERMAFLEX BODY ARMOUR PROVED ITS WORTH—
A NASTY WOUND! YET IT REVEALS CERTAIN SUBSTANCES BESIDES HONEST FLESH AND BLOOD. NO WONDER HE WAS BEATING YOU — HE HAD AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE. HE'S BEEN CYBORG DOPED!
OFFICER CARTER, I WANT A WORD WITH YOU!
NOT RIGHT NOW — THIS MAN HAS GOT A MARATHON TO WIN!

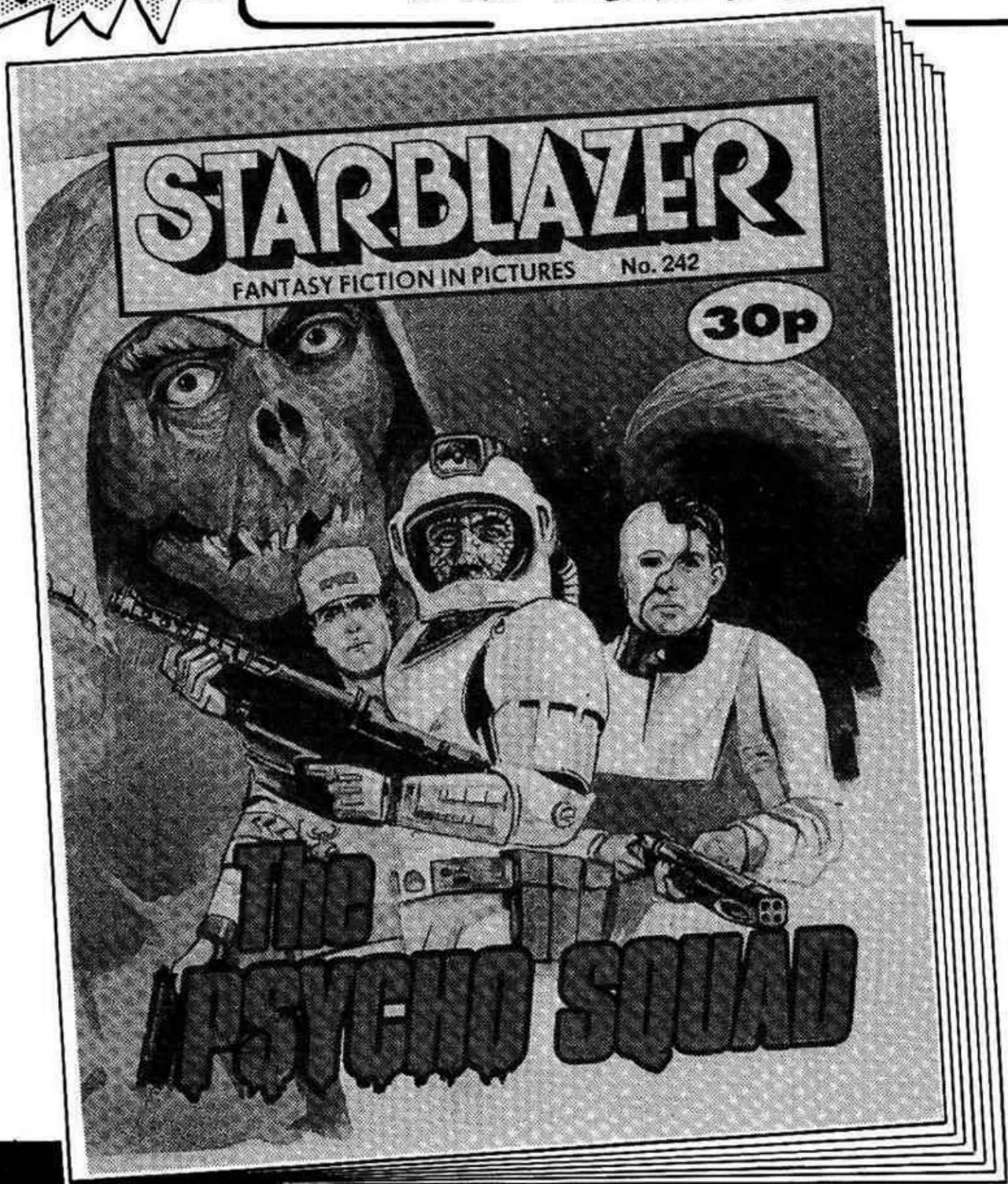
MINUTES LATER CARLSON REACHED THE STADIUM WHERE HIS ESCORT BOWED OUT DESCREETLY.
ZAK CARLSON GETS THE GOLD AND A NEW RECORD! THE FIRST MAN TO BREAK THE HOUR BARRIER.
59:59

AND, AFTER THE MEDAL CEREMONY.
I RECEIVE THE GOLD MEDAL I WILL TREASURE. YET I GIVE IN RETURN THE EVIDENCE THAT CAN RESTORE FAIR PLAY TO THE GAMES.

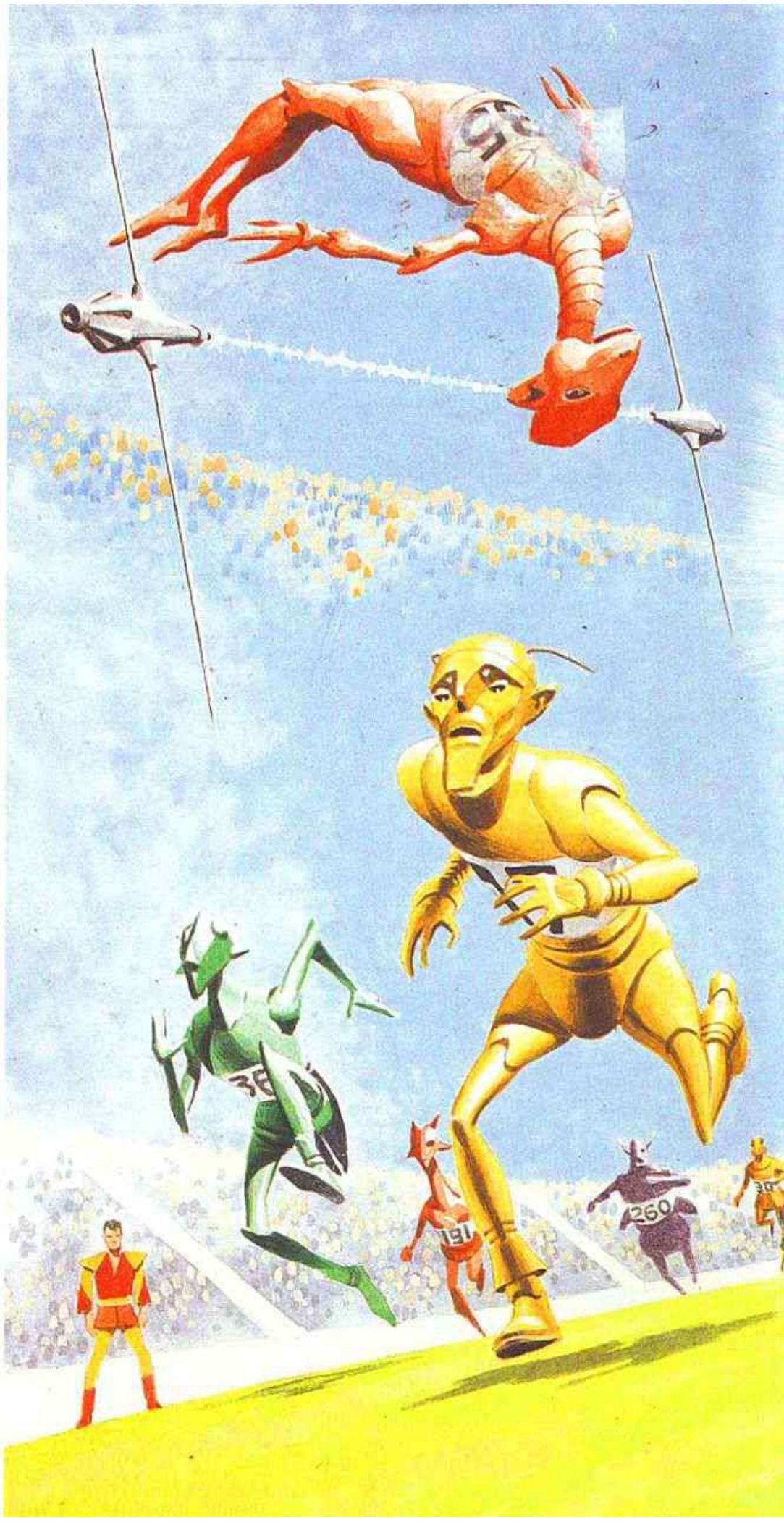
Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD.,
185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS. © D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1989.

DON'T MISS

THIS MONTH'S OTHER ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE



NOW ON SALE

DEATH RUN

Carter, the mandroid cop, was less than happy when he was assigned as the bodyguard to a big-name athlete during the Olympics. It didn't help that the athlete didn't want a bodyguard, or that he hated mandroids . . . the job had to be done. And Carter was determined to do the job — even if it killed him, which began to look more than likely as time went on.